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## Notes of the Week.

EARLY on Sunday morning a woman named Harriett Rowe, the wife of a pointsman on the South-Eastern Railway, murdered her infant, a boy of nine months of age, by drowning him in the water-butt, and afterwards jumped in herself, but was rescued. Shortly after five o'clock a man named James, living at 34, Astley-street, Maidstone, was awake by hearing a knocking at the shutters of his lower back room, and a voice exclaiming, "I have drowned poor Willie! I have drowned poor Willie!" He at once got out of bed, and, on looking out of window, saw his neighbour, Mrs. Rowe, in her water-butt, which was nearly full of water. He ran to her assistance, but she was then standing up in the water, which did not cover her head, and he turned his attention to the child, whose body he took out, but it was quite dead. James called for assistance, and another man named Bourne came in, and they got the unfortunate young woman out of the water. She was in a state of the greatest excitement, and a medical man who had been sent for ordered her immediate removal to bed. Mrs. Rowe has been in a very low state of mind for some time, and has been under medical treatment at the West Kent General Hospital.

SATURDAY afternoon witnessed another addition to the list of vessels in the royal navy in the launch of the 4-gun screw steamship Nymph, of 1,081 tons burden, and 300-horse power, from her building slip at Deptford-dockyard. The day being beautifully fine, a large concourse of spectators assembled, booths being erected for their accommodation, and just previous to the time fixed for the launch taking place, his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, accompanied by Major Elphinstone, arrived, and was received by Captain Arthur P. E. Willmott, C.B., superintendent of Deptford-dockyard and the Royal Victualling-yard, with other officials, the band of the 27th Kent (Deptford-dockyard) Rifle Volunteers playing the National Anthem. The ceremony of christening the vessel was performed by Miss Eardley Willmott, niece of the captain superintendent, and at a given signal the cord which held the vessel was cut asunder, and to the strains of, "Rule Britannia," by the band, and to the hearty cheers of all assembled, the vessel glided gracefully into the Thames, where she was successfully taken in tow by Government tugs.

A SHOCKING accident has befallen a man named Joseph Fairbrother, forty-four years of age, a gamekeeper in the employ of Lady Edith Abney Hastings. Deceased had been out shooting at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, along with Mr. William Blastock, and after the two had finished they went to a beer-house and had some refreshment, and at a quarter past eight they separated near to the railway bridge at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the deceased turning to walk along the line, as was his custom, for home, which was between that station and Moira, about two miles off. Shortly after ten o'clock, in consequence of a report by an engine-driver, the line was examined, and about a mile and a half from Ashby they found the body of the deceased lying in the "six foot" with his retriever dog sitting upon him, and his gun—the stock of which was broken—a few yards behind him. The fore part of the head was severed from the back of it, and lay ten yards from the body, nearer Ashby, in which direction the feet also lay, thus indicating that he had most probably been knocked down and run over by a goods train from Burton to Leicester. Deceased leaves a family of eleven children.

## THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

Of the three "mighty men of old," Nimrod, Tubal Cain, and Jubal, painters and poets have perhaps drawn their inspirations more frequently from subjects suggested by the deeds of the two former, though a more beautiful conception than that of Jubal, "the father of music"—as shown in our engraving (after a painting by A. von Klobner)—could hardly be desired. The eager attention depicted on the faces of the beautiful children watching the handiwork of their ruddy, wild, but manly father, is exquisite; while the little fellow, with cheeks blown out in the vain attempt to produce soft strains from his unformed reed, is a pretty, and even still a faithful picture of infantile aspiration.

Upon a simple pipe he played:  
Hushed were the hills and plain,  
King Nimrod dropped his mighty spear,  
And knelt to hear the strain,  
And on his pine-tree hammer shaft  
Reposed grim Tubal Cain.  
But greater still—oh! who shall tell  
The wonders Jubal saw  
And felt—but could not frame to speech,  
Or even Reason's law,  
When idly to the woods he piped  
First on an oaten straw?  
And taught his sons to pierce the reed,  
And strip the willow grey,  
And on the canes and sycamores  
In concert sweet to play:  
Wondering at the starlit night,  
And worshipping the day.  
The minstrel band, who heard the birds,  
And caught their wayward tunes,  
Who, piping, helped the west wind's sigh,  
Sough'd back the north wind's runes:  
Who sang with glee at rising suns,  
And wept with waning moons.

A POLICEMAN LEARNED IN THE LAW.—An ex-policeman named William Myers, appeared before the Bradford magistrates with brief and law-book—in fact, all the paraphernalia of an attorney in regular practice except a large bag and a small boy—to conduct his own case. He was charged with assaulting a woman named Georgiana Burgess. After cross-examining the complainant's witnesses from his brief, the defendant addressed the bench, contending that he was justified in treating the complainant as he had done, inasmuch as she had first assaulted him, and quoted in support of his case from Burn's "Justice," where an assault is said to consist in "holding up the hand in a threatening manner." The magistrates, after listening to his remarks, fined him 2s. 6d. and the costs, 6s. The case excited considerable amusement, and the following lines in reference to it were composed impromptu by a gentleman in court:—

"Defendant comes with 'scalding' tears,  
'Burns' Justice' quoting free;  
But when 'his fine' as 'finis' hears,  
'A "burning" "shame" cries he.  
'Alas, my book, so well turned o'er,  
On me its back now turns.  
'At once I'll burn "Burn's Justice," for  
I find that justice burns.

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The *Patrie* contains the following oblique paragraph touching the rumours of a projected visit of the Empress to the Pope:—  
"Several journals talk of a journey of the Empress to Rome. According to our information it is by no means decided that her Majesty will go. But should she do so she would only realize a desire long formed and which present circumstances would have rendered more opportune than it was. It is undeniable that the Convention of September 15 creates an uneasy feeling among religious people in France. The Government does not share this alarm because it knows that the Convention will be loyally executed by both parties. The Empress's journey to Rome could only therefore be an additional proof of the confidence felt by the Government, and a testimony on the Emperor's part of profound sympathy for the Holy Father's person. It could not have any other signification."

## PRUSSIA.

The *Avenir National* says:—"The health of Count Bismarck is not progressing so satisfactorily as the Prussian Court would desire. King William lately sent to him three of the most experienced doctors of Berlin. The result of the consultation is not the most favourable, and Herr von Bismarck has been ordered to observe the most complete repose for several months to come. One correspondent informs us that he would not be surprised to find the portfolio of foreign affairs entrusted to Herr von Savigny *ad interim*."

## THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. LINCOLN.

It is stated that J. H. Surratt (one of the persons charged with complicity in the assassination of the late President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln) has been serving for some time past in the Papal Zouaves, his company being quartered at Veroli, one of the frontier towns of the Apennines, near Frosinone. He had assumed, and was known in his regiment by the name of John Watson. Information of this fact having been communicated to General King, the Minister of the United States at Rome, no time was lost by him in transmitting the news to his Government, which straightway instructed the general to take such measures as might lead to the securing of Surratt, *alias* Watson. In compliance with his instructions, General King repaired to the Vatican, requested an audience of Cardinal Antonelli, and asked his eminence whether, in the event of his proving the identity of Surratt, the Papal Government would hand him over to that of the United States. The cardinal secretary promised the general all the facilities in his power. A few days after, on returning to the Vatican, General King was made acquainted by Cardinal Antonelli with the measures he had taken. These were contained in a series of telegraphic instructions sent from Rome, with the corresponding telegraphic replies from the local authorities of Veroli and Velletri. They recorded the order to arrest Surratt, *alias* Watson, the successive steps taken in compliance with the order, the actual arrest, the conveyance to prison, the removal from prison under a guard of five soldiers of his company; but the series closed with the announcement that when this led out Surratt, *alias* Watson, made a sudden dash from his guards, jumped over a precipice more than a hundred feet high, and, though hotly pursued by fifty Zouaves, was enabled, from the fact of their preferring a more circuitous route, to get clear across the frontier into the Italian territory. General King lost no time in communicating the facts to his colleague at Florence, and telegraphic instructions have been forwarded to the towns on the Papal frontier, and to all the seaports of Italy, to recapture Watson, *alias* Surratt; but, if I am not exceedingly misinformed, the Italian Government, in declaring its readiness to forward the great ends of international justice, has intimated that, even in the event of its giving up Surratt, it will stipulate that his life be spared.—*Florence Correspondent of the Morning Post.*

THE butchers of Lincoln's Inn have given a site in New-square for the erection of a temporary building, in which will be exhibited the models and drawings of the new Palace of Justice.

AN enormous aerolith weighing nearly 1,800 lbs., which was found in Mexico by Marshal Bazaine, is to be shown at the French Exhibition of 1867. It will afterwards be presented to the Paris Museum of Natural History.

CABMEN AT WATERLOO STATION.—In the event of misconduct, the cabmen at Waterloo Station are black-balled, and the constable at the gate is furnished with the number of the cab driven by the offender, as also with the number of his badge, which are entered upon a list kept in his box, and referred to as need may require, for barring the entrance of the driver who has so unenviably distinguished himself. The black list has but slender additions made to it from week to week, and the offences are for the greater part of a very venial character—such as blocking up the road outside the yard, or manifesting too great eagerness to get to the front of the rank after they have gained admission. The additions to the "black list" average much less than one per day, and the standing list has seldom, out of thousands of drivers, above some forty members upon it for the guidance of the watchmen at the gate. The company have provided a club or tap-room for the shelter and use of the cab-drivers. The yard when filled, which it often is, will contain about 250 vehicles. As these draw up by degrees to the incline by which the station platforms are reached, the men take shelter in this great vault, which is formed out of one of the long and wide railway arches. There are times when a hundred cabmen may be seen in this spacious vault at one time, and all under the control of a single female, with a potman and boy to assist. During the course of seven years only two drivers have been black-balled for misconduct in the tap-vault, which, by the way, is open to all comers without the necessity of their being purchasers of either victuals or drink. The great majority of the visitors, we noticed, brought in their bunches of bread, with cheese, bacon, or cold meat to help the meal, which they munched as they clustered around the rousing fire, in apparent contentment. The dandy drivers of the bansons, who can afford a hot dinner, are furnished with a fair plate of wholesome meat, roast or boiled, and a liberal supply of potatoes and greens, with bread, for 7d. Coffee, of fair quality, which is very generally preferred to beer or any other liquid, is furnished at 1½d. per pint. In taking leave of cabby, it is satisfactory to have to mention that cases are of frequent occurrence of drivers returning to the station to give up property, sometimes in small compass and easily "convertible," which has been left in the cabs by their fares. In such cases, the company pays the cabmen the return fare, as is considered his due. On the whole, the cab-drivers frequenting the Waterloo Station are pronounced, by those who have the best means of knowing them, to be a set of honest fellows, and of, to say the least, average integrity and sobriety.—*Railway News.*

## A "MODEL" HUSBAND IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

The case of Milford v. Milford was the wife's petition for a dissolution of marriage on the ground of her husband's cruelty and adultery. The husband answered, denying the cruelty, but admitting partly the adultery.

Mr. Karslake, Q.C., and Dr. Spinks were counsel for the petitioner; and Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., and Mr. Serle for the respondent.

It appeared that the respondent, Mr. Alfred Milford, was the son of a gentleman of high standing in Exeter, and that he was married to the petitioner, then a Miss Foskett, a lady of good family, in October, 1855. After the marriage they resided at a place called Lade, near Exeter, the respondent, through the interest of his father, having become a partner of a banking company in that city. For some short time after the marriage they seemed to have lived happily enough, but the respondent after that stayed away from home at night, on some occasions not coming home at all; while he formed the acquaintance of some girls in the neighbourhood of his own residence, which was a source of annoyance to the petitioner, and which gave rise to quarrels between them. In 1861 he formed the acquaintance of a widow lady in Exeter, the daughter of a major in the army, and by whom he had a child. On this becoming known to his wife she refused to stay with him any longer, and accordingly left, and went to reside with her relative, Major Fosket. After she left she found out that on those occasions when the respondent stayed away at night he was spending his time with prostitutes in Exeter, and that he had followed that course of profligacy during a considerable portion of their married life. The cruelty alleged arose out of the remonstrances the petitioner made to her husband respecting his bad habits. On one occasion of her remonstrating with him he brandished the poker over her head and swore he would smash her. On another he threw a brush at her head, and on another he attempted to smother her in bed. There were two children the issue of the marriage.

In support of the petitioner's case several witnesses were called who spoke as to the respondent's keeping company with prostitutes in Exeter; and the petitioner herself was called in respect to the general conduct of the respondent towards her. After detailing the quarrels which arose between them respecting his flirtations with various females, and the disgusting language he was in the habit of using towards her, she detailed the various specific acts of cruelty which she alleged against the respondent. The first of these was laid in 1859, on which occasion the petitioner had been talking to her husband as she thought, about his going to some races, to which she advised him not to go. He was going out to business at the time, and she followed him to the door, talking to him as she did so, and when she got to the door the respondent turned round in an angry mood and thrust out his hand at her, which touched her breast. She stepped back, or else it would have sent her back. On the next occasion she was remonstrating with him respecting his conduct with a Miss B., who resided at Lade, and who had stated to several parties that the respondent wished her to go away with him for a night or two. On the occasion of the brush throwing she and the respondent had been invited to an evening party at which some of her friends were to be present, and she was anxious her husband should accompany her. She was anxious that he should do so, as rumours having got abroad of their disagreements, she was desirous that her friends should see, by her husband going with her, that those rumours were in part groundless. She, therefore, urged her husband to go with her, but he would not, and said that he was going to Exeter. She said that if he went to Exeter she would go with him. She accordingly went up-stairs to the dressing-room to put on her things. She had got on one of her boots when the respondent came into her room, and taking up the other boot threw it out of the window. She went out to pick it up, and, after she did so and was returning to the house, he threw her clothes brush out of the window at her, and she heard it fall immediately behind her. After putting on her things, she left with the respondent, but after proceeding for about a mile and a half he said: it was no use of her persisting in going further with him, as he was going to take a cab. He accordingly did jump into a cab, and left her standing on the road, and, seeing there was no use in following him further, she returned home. The other and last act—that of attempting to smother her—arose out of the following circumstances:—So long ago as 1858 she had been along with the respondent at a watering-place, where they came in contact with a lady on whom the respondent bestowed great attention. He thought a great deal of her, and she afterwards sent him her portrait, which he hung up in his dressing-room alongside that of his wife. This she remonstrated against, but to no purpose, and the servants, seeing that it was a source of quarrel between them, destroyed the portrait without her knowledge. The respondent kept always asking her about it, and she told him she knew nothing about it, which she did not until some months after it was destroyed. On the night, on which this act of cruelty was perpetrated he spoke of it again. She was leaving the room to go to bed, at the time, and she laughingly said that he would never see it again. With that she went to bed, and some three hours after the respondent joined her there, when he again commenced about the portrait. He was very angry, and kept tumbling about after he got into bed. He said that he would keep a mistress in order to spite her, and ultimately he took the pillow in both hands and placed it over her face. She struggled, and in throwing it off got out of bed. The respondent got up and locked the door, when she attempted to get out of the window. That the respondent prevented, and she then went into hysterics. On her doing so he became frightened and put her into bed. She also stated that the respondent was in the habit of using disgusting language to her before the servants.

Mr. Coleridge, on the part of the respondent, stated that he did not intend to call witnesses, but contended that there was no evidence sufficient to establish legal cruelty, so as to entitle the petitioner to a divorce. No doubt there was sufficient evidence to justify a decree of judicial separation, to which the respondent had no objection; in fact, he had offered to agree to any arrangement short of an absolute dissolution of the marriage.

Sir J. P. Wilde said there could be no doubt as to the adultery, which was of the most flagrant and profligate character. As regarded the cruelty, it was one of those cases in deciding which one had to see whether it was such as came within the scope and terms of the established law. He would, therefore, take time to consider his judgment.

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## THE MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES IN RUSSIA.

A LETTER from St. Petersburg, dated November 29, thus describes the concluding marriage festivities at that city:—

"When Napoleon had subjugated the sovereigns of the Continent he assembled his crowned vassals around him and took pride in making his own Talma perform before *un parterre de Rois*. If not a pit of kings, I have at least seen this night one of generals and ministers. The aspect of the Italian Opera House as it awaited the arrival of the imperial family to witness the state performance of that night was magnificent. Five tiers gaily decorated in pink and bronze were filled with all St. Petersburg contains of noble and great, the front seats exclusively occupied by ladies in light coloured dresses and sparkling jewellery, the black rows by gentlemen in dark uniform, forming a happy background to the waving sea of silk and gauze before them. On the floor of the theatre were none but the highest civil and military uniforms, no one being admitted to that sanctissimum of rank unless provided with the necessary passport in the shape of epaulettes, braided collars, and the like. The very musicians in the orchestra were arrayed in official garments more or less profusely studded with lace, according to their seniority as fiddlers and trumpeters. And now imagine this brilliant assembly standing up in the light of a thousand candles, shedding their rays from the central chandelier and the smaller candelabra attached to the front of the tiers, and you have a faint idea of the *salut* at the moment the Emperor entered.

"The Emperor entered; he led by his hand the youthful consort of his son. She wore a white dress studded with pink hearts, and adorned with a red sash over her right shoulder. The light played on the stones of her diadem, and happiness was reflected in her dark lustrous eyes as she timidly advanced to the front of the imperial box. Power and beauty, thus exhibiting themselves in rare union, the house broke into jubilation, hurrahs, giving three times three in well measured, long sustained shouts. All this time the Emperor stood in the centre of the box holding his new daughter by his hand, presenting her to the public, and bowing repeatedly in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic welcome. Before the hurrahs had ceased his son, the husband of the princess, her Danish brother, her English brother-in-law, and with them all the members of the imperial family, had appeared in the box, ranging themselves behind the royal couple in front. Only the Empress was absent, she being indisposed.

"Before the joyous cries had altogether subsided the orchestra struck up the national anthem, and the curtain rising at the same time, the singers of the opera were seen standing on the stage, arrayed in the fantastic costumes of Meyerbeer's 'L'Africaine.' By them and the whole audience the popular hymn was sung, slowly, earnestly, majestically. As the strains of that glorious piece of music flowed harmoniously through the house, the Emperor, and with him his Crown Prince and Crown Princess, thanked the public by renewed bows. Hurrahs succeeded the close of the 'Bozha Czarya Khrani,' immediately followed by the performance of the British national anthem.

"At the end of the British anthem the Emperor gave the Prince of Wales his right hand, and leading him half a step forwards, together with the royal representative of Great Britain, again bowed thanks for the mark of respect bestowed upon his guest. The performance of the Danish hymn, with its rolling refrain, 'Cong Christian stod ved høien mast,' which succeeded, was equally acknowledged by the Crown Prince of Denmark. Cheers thundered again through the house, when, at the end of this noble and significant ceremony, his Majesty, courteously kissing the hand of his lovely daughter, conducted her to the central seat of the box. With him all the members of the imperial family, as well as their royal guests, seated themselves. In the middle of this wreath of illustrious personages were prominent the Princess Maria Feodorovna, her husband, and the Emperor. To the Emperor's right sat the Prince of Wales, with the Grand Duchess Michael as his beautiful neighbour for the evening; to the Cesarevitch's left the Grand Duchess Constantine, with the Crown Prince of Denmark at her side. Around and behind them the princes and princesses of the blood.

"The second act of 'L'Africaine' was then given with the utmost pomp of which the stage is capable. Perhaps I shall by some bold and irreverent beings not be regarded as a Boeotian who ought never to have ventured upon noticing musical things, if I say that the melodies of this act are so very indifferent as to be dull even from the lips of exquisite singers. His Majesty's Italian artists certainly did what they could to breathe the breath of life into the stale notes, but the task was impossible of accomplishment. A national ballet, 'Solotaya Ribba' (the Golden Fish), was the second entertainment of the night, and an excellent one it was, both as regards the music and the dancing. A fisherman, more addicted to the bottle than to his hook and net, is scolded by his wife, and sent away to ply his trade on the sea. He returns, having caught the golden fish. Forthwith their lowly cottage is changed into a gorgeous hall, peopled by fairies, officiously waiting upon the lucky couple. The fisherman refuses to believe in his elevation. He will not dance with the fairies, whom he considers to be queens and empresses, and to whom he bows in meek humility. He will not allow a boyard's coat to be put upon his broad back. With his wife the sudden conversion agrees better. Easily adapting herself to her new relations, she acts the queen of the lovely beings around her as though to the manner born, and as there is vodka to be had even in fairy land, her husband becomes eventually intoxicated, if not with his good fortune, at least with the liquor, and joins in the terpsichorean amusements which form the business of life among the fays. This simple plot gives occasion for an inexhaustible amount of dancing. *Pas de deux* interchange with *pas de quatre*, and elegant *solis* are relieved by boisterous *tutti*. The tunes are sprightly; and, as to the dancing, such agility, tempered by such grace, such musical lightness of step, gait, and whirl, I have never seen equalled. These Russian girls are instinct with the sense of an art which to them seems to be natural. They are eloquent in their nimbleness, and speak with their hands and feet. In the presence of the Emperor the audience were not permitted to applaud, but symptoms of a wish to encore could not be repressed. The Russian anthem closed the performance.

"Two days ago, Schamyl, accompanied by his son Gazi Mohammed, and attended by Colonel Brock, adjutant of the Minister of War, and Counsellor Nauphal, Arabic Secretary of the Foreign Office, had the honour of a special audience from the Emperor and Empress in the Golden Hall of the Winter Palace. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, Schamyl, assuming the humble attitude of an Eastern petitioner, addressed the following words to the Emperor in Arabic:—

"Sire,—Permit me to offer my sincere felicitations on the occasion of the happy event which has brought me to St. Petersburg and your Majesty's palace. Sire, old Schamyl need not again profess his devotion to the sacred person of your Majesty, to your sublime throne, and the noble empire of which you are the

chief. Long before proclaiming my legal sentiments by a solemn act performed in the sight of heaven, I was already your subject in heart and conviction. Not only gratitude for your Majesty's magnanimity towards one who was your enemy, but also—I proclaim it again and again—a sincere and deliberate conviction compels me to be your subject. If there be a man upon earth worthy to represent God Almighty, that man, sire, is yourself. If there be a throne grounded upon the hearts of men, that throne is yours. Sire, I wish it to be known everywhere that if old Schamyl, of Daghestan, who fought against your arms for thirty years, experiences a regret at the decline of his days, it is only because he cannot be born again to devote his whole life to the service of your empire."

"The Emperor graciously thanked Schamyl for the sentiments expressed by him. 'I know,' said his Majesty, 'you are loyal. I know you are an upright man. I accept your wishes, being certain that they come from the depth of your heart.' Schamyl then, turning to the Empress, delivered the following enthusiastic speech:—

"Madame,—While presenting my respects to your Majesty, I am happy to be able to call you my noble and gracious Sovereign. I am proud of having been allowed my share of joy in the midst of the great family of Russia. May your heart be delighted in looking upon the charming lady now your daughter! Madame, we love her with the power of memory and hope combined."

St. Petersburg, Nov. 21.

This morning the Emperor requested the Prince of Wales to accompany him in a visit to the riding-school. When arriving on the spot his Majesty placed himself at the head of a troop of Caucasian horsemen who had been waiting to receive him, and executed some intricate manœuvres before his illustrious guest. His Majesty being himself in Cossack uniform and speaking with the chief of his "Circassian escort" in the language of his Mahomedan subjects then ordered him to perform some of those feats of horsemanship in which the Circassians excel. Upon the word of command being given a number of Circassians dashed forward, and while at full speed suddenly turned upon their horses, firing behind them. Another file, galloping after the first, fired to the left, and, deserting their seats at the same moment, hung on the right of the horses, so as to expose only their left legs to the supposed enemy. Others flung handkerchiefs on the ground, and lifted them up in heading career. At last they came on in a thundering gallop, standing on their horses, and preceded by one who stood on his head in the saddle. The Prince was greatly amused by an exhibition which had more in common with circus evolutions than the simpler but more effective movements of European horse.

In the evening, the grand ball, repeatedly postponed in consequence of the indisposition of Princess Maria Feodorovna, was given by the Emperor. It was held in the same apartments of the Winter Palace which were opened on the night of the marriage. Not less than 2,000 gentlemen, with a slight sprinkling of ladies, were assembled in these noble halls, galleries, and vestibules. Candles, disposed along the cornices, and climbing up the marble columns in encircling lines, illuminated the rooms a *jour*. At about ten o'clock, a door, leading to the interior of the palace, and guarded by gigantic grenadiers, was thrown open, and the band striking up a polonaise, the royal party issued forth. It was ushered in by Count Shuvaloff, the *Grand Maître de la Cour*, and headed by the Prince of Wales and the Empress, the Emperor having, in courtesy to his guest, resigned him the first place. The Emperor, who came next, led Princess Dagmar, and the Grand Duke Cesarevitch, who followed his father, led the Grand Duchess Constantine. The other princes and princesses, together with three or four dignitaries of state, enjoying a privilege which seems to be all but exclusive, completed the august procession. It would be repeating myself were I to attempt to describe the pomp of the robes or the splendour of the jewellery displayed. Four times they walked past the rows of ladies and gentlemen, the Emperor and princesses recognising the salutes of the glittering crowd. After a short interval the princes and princesses, with some adjutants and officers of the British and Danish suites, joined in a Polish mazurka.

At twelve o'clock 2,000 persons sat down to supper in a suite of four halls. The plate glistening on tables and side-boards seemed enough to fill all the museums of the world. On the Emperor's table and on those next to it the plate was gold or gilt, the other tables silver, richly chased, and adorned in high relief. Altogether the halls looked rather like an exhibition of gold, silver, glass, and porcelain, blended with blossoming flowers, than like dining-rooms. The sumptuous repast was quickly and silently served by many hundreds of attendants.

The sojourn at St. Petersburg of the Prince of Wales and the state of the Anglo-Russian relations generally has been the subject of an interesting leader in the *Northern Post*, the official organ of M. Valuyeff, the Minister of the Interior:—

"Our readers will have been highly gratified in perusing the recent address of the English residents to the Prince of Wales and the answer given by his royal highness. In it the English residents have united the expression of their feelings with the joy pervading all Russia on the occasion of the marriage of the Lord successor to the throne with the illustrious elect of his heart. The Prince of Wales, while cordially coinciding with the wishes of his compatriots for the welfare of the imperial family and the whole Russian people, has been happy to approve their hailing the ties which in the persons of the Princesses of Wales and the Grand Duchess Cesarerna now exist between the dynasties of Great Britain and Russia. Prince Albert Edward, alike with the English residents, looks upon the solemn family event which brought him to Russia as a means for consolidating the amicable relations between the United Kingdom and the empire. We are convinced that every Russian having a correct appreciation of the interests of his country, and, we beg to hope, every unprejudiced Englishman, also, is desirous of seeing the words of his royal highness borne out by events, and of contributing, as much as he can, that the friendship of the two Governments and people may become more intimate from day to day, and that both nations may not only learn to understand the interests they have in common, but also to respect and esteem each other. The Prince of Wales, while confirming the feelings uttered in the address presented to him, has thought it right to assert that the community of material interests is likely to exercise a favourable influence upon our mutual relations. This is a truth founded upon facts, and one which will be readily acknowledged by the English—a people whose commercial development has so greatly contributed to enrich their country. We take the liberty of adding a few words on a cognate subject, which, if they should become known in England, will, we are convinced, be received with satisfaction. Not material interests only bind the two countries together. Since culture has begun to spread more rapidly in Russia, our best men have thought the political institutions of England, her habits and manners, her intellectual life, and her literature and poetry subjects worthy of their study, imitation, and

competition. Having been the last to step upon the scene of European civilization, we may, without derogating from our dignity, acknowledge that our notions have greatly gained in lucidity since the time when we began to think less of the cosmopolitan ideas formerly prevalent among us, and to attach proper importance to the study of that literature which constitutes the pride of the English people. Literature, that mirror of a people's life, has become more independent among us since our acquaintance with the great creations of the British muse. Our most talented poets and writers have been proud to rival the immortal geniuses of England and Germany. Our Karamsin, the best type of a Russian literary man, is greatly indebted to his knowledge of the English literature of his time for the influence he exercised on a Russian society. Our Jukoffski, among the many monuments of his fame, left us a translation of the 'Prisoner of Chillon' worthy of being ranked equally high as the original. The imagination of our Pushkin, so rich, so varied, and so independent, was nourished by the creations of Byron. Translations from Shakspeare have given to many of our writers a standing in literature which they could not have acquired by original productions. Some of the best dramas of the great English poet—as, for instance, 'Hamlet'—have found another home on our stage. They have always attracted, and to this day attract, crowded audiences, and the most eminent of our artists have formed their talent on the patterns given by that potent genius. Thomas Moore, Walter Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, if not quite as popular in Russia as in their own country, are yet the favourites of our society. We are convinced that if England would but study Russia with the conscientious accuracy and ready interest manifested by ourselves in regard to her, the ties between the two countries would be strengthened by a recognised community not only of material, but also a far deeper and more intellectual nature."

## A HUNT AT COMPEIGNE.

On the 17th of November there was a hunt in the forest of Compeigne. The meet was at Puits-du-Roi, one of the finest and largest of the crossways in the forest. To those who had arrived there about one o'clock a fine sight was presented. On one side was the pack, consisting of sixty-four grey white hounds, spotted with black and tan, drawn up in battle array, in charge of servants attired in glittering liveries. In the centre were the hunters wearing the uniform of the imperial hunt, or the scarlet coats in which Englishmen delight, and in one of the great avenues were *châsses* and *châsses* driven up at a gallop to their places. A confusion of toilets, of costumes, and of colours made up a picture full of animation, enclosed as it was by the lofty forest. The trees, already nearly leafless, appeared to let fall with regret those leaves of purple and gold with which autumn had tricked them. The uniform of the imperial hunt consists of a green coat with silver buttons, and a collar of scarlet velvet. The facings and seams are covered with gold and silver lace, forming a sort of soutache on the figure; a scarlet vest, with similar trimmed breeches of white doeskin; heavy boots rising above the knee; and Louis XV hat, called a *lampon*, likewise trimmed with gold and silver lace. The Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial only wear in the hat a long white plume. When permission to wear this costume is given the chief huntsman sends with the certificate the buttons, stamped with the imperial crown, which are to be worn on the coat. Hence the expression "to receive the button," and the abbreviation "a button," signifying one who has the right to wear this dress and to take part in the hunt. Besides the privilege of being invited, by right, to the hunt, the button also confers that of dining with the Emperor on almost every occasion of a hunt. In fact, it is very rarely that the chief huntsman, after receiving his Majesty's commands, does not inform all the "buttons" that they are invited to dine at the palace. The master of the horse and the mounted piqueurs are distinguished from the huntsmen by wearing breeches of scarlet cloth with seams of gold lace. Instead of the *lampon*, they wear a large cocked hat like that of a gendarme, but trimmed with gold and silver. The whippers-in wear the same dress as the piqueurs, except the great boots, which would hinder them from running. They wear shoes with buckles, and long white stockings tied below the knee. It is wonderful to see them following the pack in full cry, and to hear them shouting to encourage the dogs. Nothing stops them. They run under woods, across briars, ditches, and brambles, and are almost always among the first in at the death. No one wears a decoration on the dress of the hunt. The Emperor only when he rides has the badge of the Legion of Honour on his riding coat. Any one may follow the hunt if he be well mounted and can ride well enough. The Prince Imperial was to-day first at the meet. His imperial highness rode a small cream-coloured Arab horse, and wore a full dress of the hunt, as well as M. Bachou, his equire, and the son of Dr. Conneau, who were at his side. The young prince rode round the open space, handling his horse with an ease and grace which the beholders could not fail to admire. A few minutes later the Emperor and Empress arrived in *châsses*. The Emperor wore the simple dress of a private gentleman. The Empress wore a turban and mantle of maroon velvet. Apropos of the toilet of her Majesty, it has been remarked that up to the present time she has only worn of an evening dresses made or embroidered at Lyons. The Emperor left his carriage and walked round the company shaking hands and speaking with several persons; then the Prince of Moskowa's grand huntsman having received his Majesty's commands, gave directions to the huntmen, and started to beat the nearest cover. The dogs started a stag, which was seen to leap into an avenue close by followed by a dozen does. For some time it seemed likely that there would be but poor sport, as he kept dodging into cover near Puits-du-Roi; but at length he broke, and darting at the top of his speed towards the pond at Sainte Porinne, was followed by the hunters, to whom he afforded an excellent day's amusement.

You are restored health and strength without medicine, for experience or express by Dr. Barry's Delicate Health Restoring and Validating Food the Revival of the System, which yields threefold the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 copies, including 3 that of His Holiness the Pope, which had restored all other remedies for thirty years. Dr. Barry & Co., 77, Regent Street, London. W. 1. Price, 1s. 3d. 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 2lb. 5s.; 4lb. 10s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

CORK LEES.—PARIS AND LONDON PRIZE MEDALS.—GROSSMITH'S NEW ARTIFICIAL LEAD, with patent action Knees and Ankles joints, enables the patient to walk, sit, or ride with ease and comfort, wherever amputated. It is much lighter and less expensive than the old style of cork legs, will last a lifetime, and is the only leg yet invented that ladies and children can wear in safety. It was awarded the highest medals in the London and Paris Exhibitions, and was pronounced by the jurists "superior to all others." Grossmith's, 17, Old Broad Street, London. E. and H. Hand Manufacturing, 75, Fleet Street. Est. 1848. 1790, London Exhibition Prize Medal, 1851. Paris 1855, London 1862, Dublin 1865.—[Advertisement.]



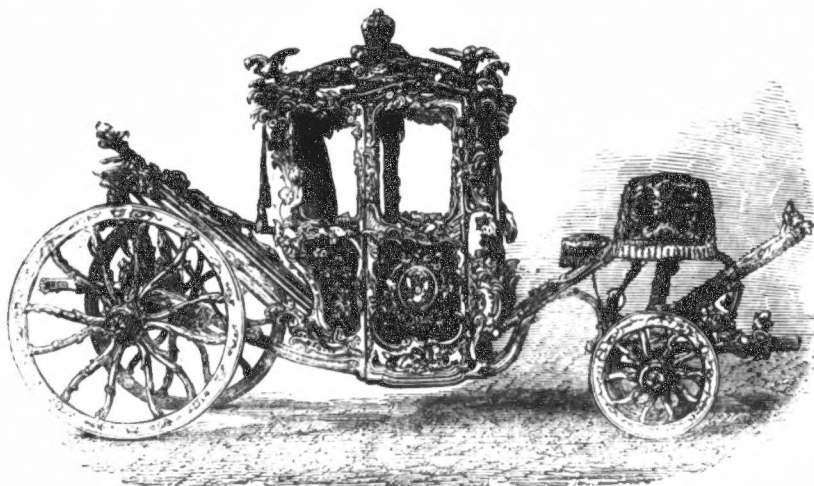


THE WINTER CAMP. (See page 389.)

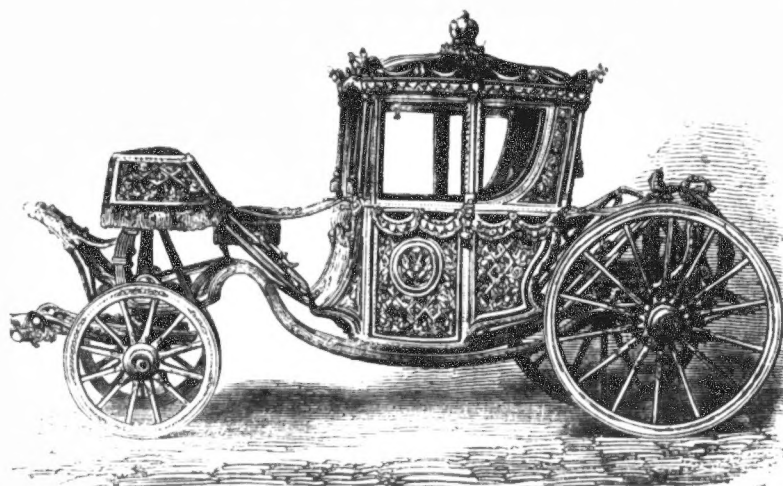


FASTING - THE GOOD RHINE WINE. (See page 389.)





CARRIAGE OF THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



CARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR.

WALLACHIAN PEASANTS.

AMONG the deputations to St. Petersburg on the recent royal marriage was one from the people of Wallachia. On page 388 we give a characteristic engraving of the Wallachian peasantry.

In appearance the common Wallach presents a decided difference from either Magyar, Slave, or German. In height he is below the medium, and generally rather slightly built and thin. His features are often fine, the nose arched, the eyes dark, the hair long, black, and wavy; but the expression is too often one of fear and cunning to be agreeable. The dull, heavy look of the Slav is seldom seen among them, but still more rarely the proud self-respecting carriage of the Magyar.

The peasants' dwellings throughout the country are all built in the same style and of the same size. The walls are of clay, and the roofs thatched with straw, neither of which is calculated to protect the inmates from the inclemency of the weather. In winter the people retire to caves under ground, kept warm by fires made of dried dung and branches of trees; and which, at the same time, serve for cooking their scanty food. Each family, however numerous, sleeps in one of these subterranean habitations, their beds consisting of a piece of coarse woollen cloth, which serves in the double capacity of mattress and covering. These under-ground dwellings have, in fact, been the winter residence of the inhabitants of Scythia from the remotest antiquity. The ordinary food of the peasants consists of the flour of Indian corn, mixed into a dough with milk. For the first few days after Lent some indulge themselves in meat, but the greater part cannot afford this, and content themselves with dancing, witnessing the varieties of gipsies, &c.

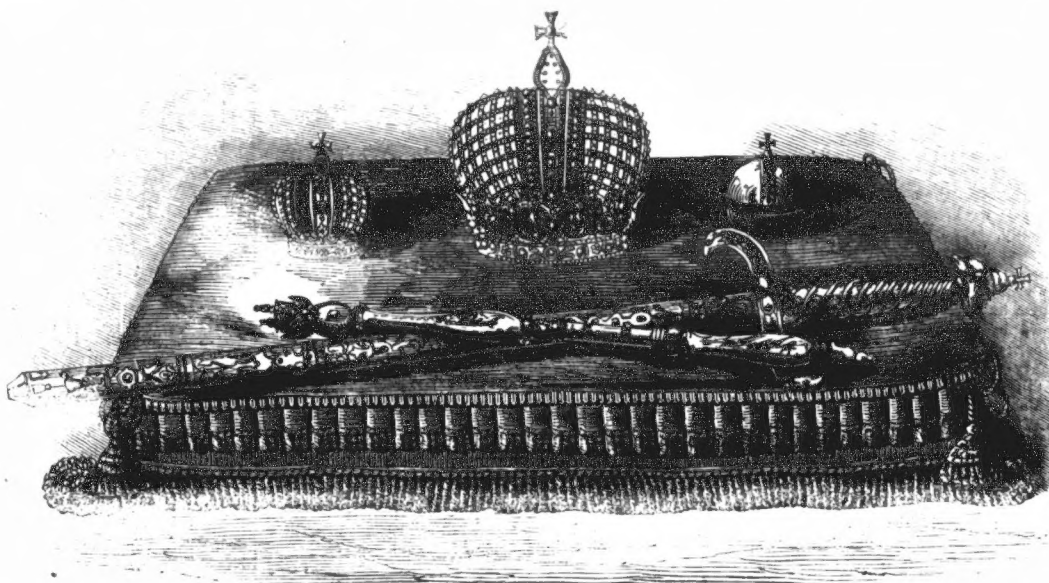
TASTING "THE GOOD RHINE WINE."

The illustration on page 388, of tasting "The Good Rhine Wine," needs no description at our hands. The various toppers, or connoisseurs, express on their features the opinions they entertain relative to the quality of the wine. That it is of the best vintage, and "prime stuff," there can be no doubt; but whether we shall

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO MOSCOW.

WE have this week given three pages of illustrations relative to the visit of the Prince of Wales to Moscow, and which it appears has left a most favourable impression on all who had the opportunity of seeing him, and he has expressed himself delighted with everybody and everything he saw there. The day after his arrival he went with the Prince of Denmark to call on the general governor and Philaret, the Metropolitan, the two most distinguished persons of the town—the one representing the civil, the other the ecclesiastical authority. The venerable prelate (whose portrait we gave in our last, and who is about ninety years of age) took advantage of the opportunity to draw the attention of the Prince to a subject which the Russians have always very much at heart—namely, the state of the Greek Church in the East, and begged him to transmit to the Queen his earnest prayer that some sympathy might be shown and some assistance afforded to the Eastern Christians. To this appeal the Prince could only make a vague and indefinite reply. He told him that one of the objects the English had most at heart was the support and diffusion of Christianity all over the world. It is said that the prince was very much struck with the venerable appearance of the worthy primate and the dignified manner in which he received them, and that they kissed his hand twice before taking leave of him.

On leaving the Metropolitan the prince visited Romanoff House, the birthplace of Michael, the first Sovereign of the present dynasty. Thence they drove to the Foundling Hospital, an immense establishment, where about 12,000 children are admitted annually. After a thorough inspection of this establishment they went to the



THE IMPERIAL JEWELS OF RUSSIA.

get any of it over here, without first being terribly adulterated, is very problematical.

VICE-ADMIRAL THE EARL OF LAUDERDALE, K.C.B., has been appointed first and principal aide-de-camp to the Queen, vice Sir W. Parker, deceased.



THE SACRED GATE OF THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.



THE GATE OF THE TRINITY AT MOSCOW.

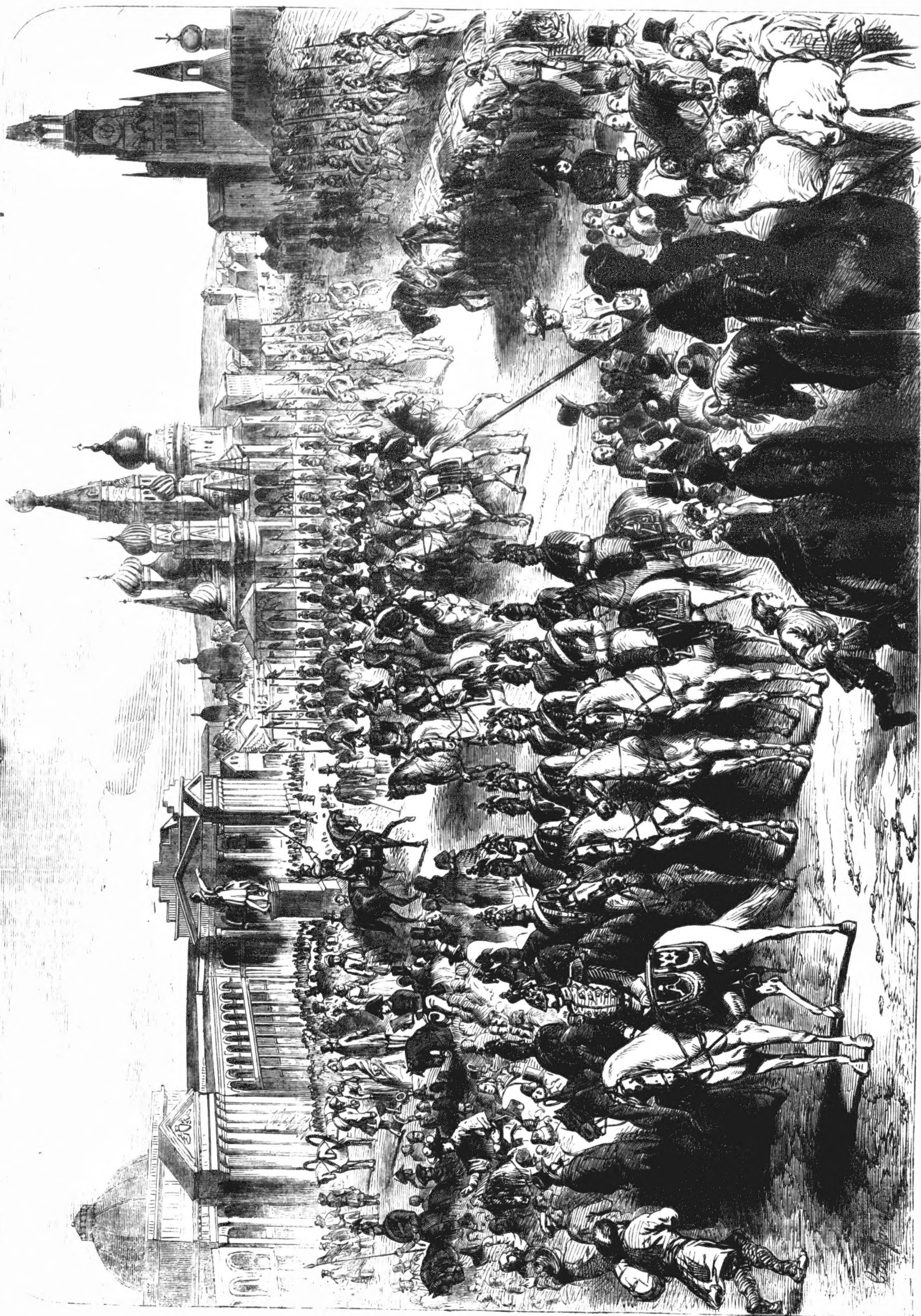


for those who are extremely curious. The Mexican empire is



Fifty Pianos, from £5 to the Month, for Hire, by Erard, Collard, Bro-  
wood, &c. Several Cottages for Sale, at £. Useful pianofortes, for  
Instalment taken. Harmoniums, Harps, &c. Trade supplied.—At  
High Holborn, side door. (A tr. this inst.)

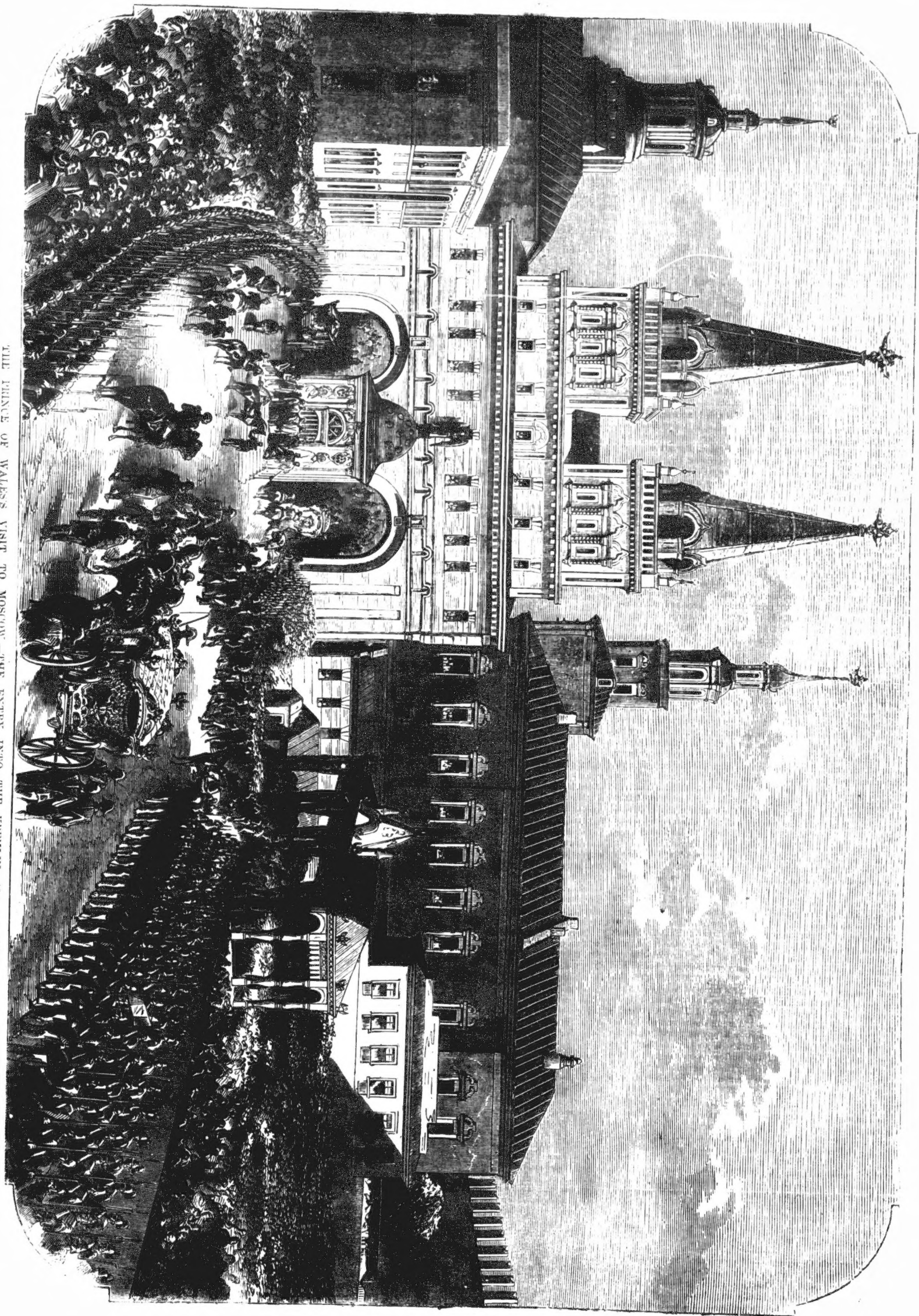




THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO MOSCOW.—THE CAVALCADE IN THE MARKET PLACE. (See page 380.)



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO MOSCOW.—THE ENTRY INTO THE KREMLIN. (See page 389.)





## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**HER MAJESTY'S.**—As stated in our last, Mr. Edmund Falconer commenced his dramatic season here on Monday week with his new Irish drama of "Oonagh; or, the Lovers of Lisnamona," which, were it curtailed to about one half its present length, would no doubt be successful. As it is, it is far from being so. The first act shows us the exterior of the O'Donovan's house, where Connor O'Donovan reveals the love he has long entertained for Oonagh. His father, Fardourough O'Donovan, is an old miser, and the only obstacle to their union is the reluctance of the parent to part with a portion of the gold he has amassed to give his daughter a wedding dowry. Mr. O'Brien is ready to give his daughter, Oonagh, a farm and thirty acres of land; but the miser is obstinate, and thus the marriage is indefinitely postponed. The scene of a hayfield, with a pretty pastoral landscape, and a lively Irish dance, enlivens the act. In the second act we find Bartle Flanagan, who has an old grudge against the elder O'Donovan, and who is in love with and has been slighted by Oonagh O'Brien, means mischief to Oonagh's lover. Connor is lured to the quarry under the Corrig-a-Dhiol, or Devil's Crag, and there in due time the old miser joins the rebel. He now to have the life of Oonagh's lover, a little proctor, who is Oonagh's uncle, and who is buried alive, and who runs an imminent chance of having his ears cut off. Terence Delany, the leader of the Ribbon-men, tells a long story of his grievances, and Andy Hamilton gives a long dissertation on the various grades of society. In the third act we discover Connor O'Donovan has been arrested in suspicion of having set fire to O'Brien's farm, and a lengthy trial takes place. Connor is found guilty, and the miser, his father, loses all his money through the failure of a bank. There are two more lengthy acts, and in the end the unjustly-accused Connor is liberated through the confession of the falsely-repentant Bartle Flanagan, and the lovers of Lisnamona are made happy at last. Mr. Falconer has a capital company, and it is a pity talent is so much taxed for such meagre results.

**DRURY-LANE.**—Miss Helen Faucit's third appearance on Friday night week was in Pauline Deschappelles, in the "Lady of Lyons." She was supported by Mr. Walter Montgomery as Claude Melnotte; Mr. Barrett as Damas; Mrs. Barrett as the Widow Melnotte; Mrs. H. Vandenhoff as Madame Deschappelles, &c. The performance was received with unqualified approbation by a crowded audience. Lytton Bulwer's play appears to have lost none of its attractions, and Miss Faucit's acting seems to have all the charm of former days; and she drew tears from many eyes in which tears heretofore had been all but unknown. Mr. Walter Montgomery played Claude Melnotte with great tenderness and feeling, and was highly successful. Mr. Barrett's Damas was excellent, as was also Mrs. Barrett's Widow Melnotte; and Mrs. H. Vandenhoff was as pompous and pretentious in Madame Deschappelles as might be desired. The performance was altogether excellent, and was duly acknowledged by the audience. Miss Faucit and Mr. Montgomery were recalled after the third act and at the fall of the curtain, and on both occasions were received with unbounded enthusiasm. The "Lady of Lyons" was repeated again on Monday and Wednesday. On Tuesday "Faust" was performed. The concluding piece each evening has been "Katharine and Petruchio."

**OLYMPIC.**—A new burlesque, modernised and revised by Mr. J. Halford, entitled "Faust and Marguerite; or, The Devil's Draught," was produced here on Saturday evening with some very good new scenery, numerous clever effects, and beautiful dress, produced under the direction of Mr. Horace Wigan. Of the original burlesque was brought out some years ago. Of the present adaptation we can speak favourably. The story of "Faust" is so familiar that we need not review the plot at length. The first scene opens with Faust's studio, and the aged astrologer is discovered surrounded by all kinds of apparatus for carrying on his mysterious operations, and we are reminded that Faust "yearns to be Young and aspires to be Gay." He regrets that he has lost his time (thyme) in growing sage. Of a sudden the most unearthly and discordant sounds arise, caused by the chorus of invisible and visible spirits. Faust invokes the Imps of the nether regions, and after a due expenditure of red and blue fires, Mephistopheles appears. The result is that Faust, in order to obtain youth and long life, enters into the compact, and signs a document which places him for ever within the power of Mephistopheles. The part of Faust was admirably sustained throughout by Miss E. Farren. Indeed, her delineation of the character was perfect. Mephistopheles was well represented by Mr. G. Vincent. To Mr. Dominick Murray was allotted the role of Marguerite. A photograph of Marguerite is shown in the opening scene, at the instance of Mephistopheles, which at once seals the fate of Faust. She is seen at her spinning-wheel, and is singing some of the most common tunes, concluding with too-tal-la-loo. The fair girl displays a wig resembling a wisp of flax, with a very grotesque bodice and short petticoats. Throughout the whole of the burlesque Mr. Murray's humour never forsook him for a moment, while his singing was good. Miss Sheridan, as Valentine, shows herself to be an apt votary of Mephistopheles. The part of Martha was efficiently enacted by Mrs. Stephens. Among the more subordinate parts, Mr. W. M. Terrott was peculiarly happy as Brandynose, the leader of a band of drunkards. Suffice it to say, nothing was wanting in the representation of the burlesque on the part of the actors. The burlesque was preceded by the comedieta of "Dearest Mamma" and the drama of "The Frozen Deep." Altogether, a capital evening's entertainment.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—On Saturday, Mendelssohn's overture to "The Son and the Stranger," and "Genoveva," with Beethoven's great Symphony in A (No. 7), were all included in the programme. Signor Piatini performed Mr. A. S. Sullivan's concerto for violoncello and orchestra with skill and refinement. Mr. Santley sang the Polonaise from "L'Etoile du Nord," "Un bon soldat," and a gracefully written song, by Mr. Mauns, called "Minnie." The latter was encored. Mdlle. Brasill appeared for the first time, and sang Haydn's "Spirit" song with artistic expression. She also gave Randagger's "Ben e ridicolo." Mdlle. Linley Guiliani was the second new comer, and sang the "Scena e Preghiera," from "Maria di Rohan," "Infanoto Inimico." The concert room was crowded.

**ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.**—The series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden Theatre came to an end with Mr. Mellon's benefit on Saturday evening. On the concluding night of concerts given by such a popular and universally respected conductor, it could only be imagined he would be the recipient of a perfect ovation; and the public took the opportunity offered of testifying their unqualified approval of Mr. Mellon's exertions in placing before them

a really good entertainment. The "Exhibition" overture and Mr. Mellon's "Jacobite" were performed; also the grand march, "See the conquering hero," in which the orchestra was reinforced by the bands of the Coldstreams and Scots Fusilier Guards. Mdlle. Mariet de Beauvoisin played a pianoforte solo, and Mr. H. Holmes gave the Andante from Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The highly successful selection from "Der Frieschutz," with its auxiliary effects of magnesium lightning, &c., with the "March of the Israelites," from Mr. Costa's oratorio, "Eli," together with Gounod's "Meditation," were likewise included in the instrumental part of the concert. For this last evening a very strong party of vocalists was engaged. The names of Mdlle. Liebhart, the Mdlles. Georgi, Miss Arabella Smyth, Signor Foti, Mr. H. Drayton, and Mr. Leigh Wilson appeared in the programme. Mr. Costa's "Owl" Quadrille, and the "Helena" Valse were given in addition to the morceux already named. The following address was circulated throughout the house:—"Ladies and gentlemen, Having arrived at the ninety-sixth and last night of my present series of concerts, I embrace the opportunity of thanking you and the public generally for the liberal support and patronage with which I have been honoured. Your continued kindness has induced and emboldened me to undertake the production of a new grand Christmas pantomime in this theatre, which I trust will be found to equal, if not surpass, in splendour and magnificence the former productions of past seasons. No efforts of mine will be wanting to enhance the reputation of this theatre by such a class of performance; and I hope that, should I succeed in producing the usual Christmas entertainment to your satisfaction, you will extend to me that favour I have hitherto been honoured in receiving. In acknowledging the kind and generous support I have for many years received at your hands, and by which I have been enabled at my sole risk and personal responsibility to carry on the concerts for the past six years, I trust I may be permitted to solicit an extension of your kind patronage to my new venture in theatrical management. Permit me, then, most respectfully to bid you farewell, and to indulge the hope that I may anticipate the renewal of our acquaintance on Boxing Night, December 26th.—ALFRED MELLON.—Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, November 24th, 1866."

**MR. H. ALDRIDGE.**—This distinguished and world-renowned tragedian made his first appearance before a French audience on Thursday week, when he performed at the Grand Theatre of Versailles before a brilliant and crowded audience. In addition to the elite of the *beau monde*, there were present a large number of the principal critics and others distinguished in Parisian literature; among them Alexandre Dumas, Theodore Berryer, Victor Cochard, &c. The tragedy selected was "Othello," which he has had the honour of personating before nearly all the courts and crowned heads of the world; but never, perhaps, did he receive a more genuine homage to his great talents than at the Versailles Theatre. The utmost enthusiasm and admiration greeted him at every stage of Shakspeare's great play, and at the close the applause culminated to a complete ovation. All the Parisian papers have given lengthy criticisms of Mr. Aldridge's performance, which they characterize as grand and noble in the extreme.

**MR. NELSON LEE,** whom we might designate as the king of pantomime producers, has, we understand, been engaged by the directors of the Crystal Palace to superintend the Christmas revels, which are annually such a popular feature at that favourite resort of the million. Among other specialties, a regular pantomime is to be produced, complete in every detail, with magnificent effects and a transformation scene of the utmost splendour. Such an undertaking could not have been placed in more practical hands.

**DEATH OF A GREAT CIRCUS RIDER.**—We learn from a telegram dated St. Petersburg, Nov. 21, that Mr. Richards, the greatest rider in the world, has lost his life in the performance of his duties, during the late marriage festivities, at Renz's Circus St. Petersburg.

## General News.

AN advocate at Dresden has been arrested on a charge made against him by the Germania Life Assurance Company of Stettin of having poisoned his wife with a view to obtain the amount of a policy on her life. The lady died suddenly shortly after her husband insured her life for 24,000 thalers (about £3,600). It appears that insurance offices in Germany, or at least this part of Germany, stipulate that a post mortem examination shall follow the death of the assured. This examination took place without any objection being made. But ten days after the funeral the company showed sufficient cause to obtain an order for an examination, and then a Berlin chemist, named Dr. Sonnenschein, certified that he found in the body traces of acetate of morphine. The husband is said to be in embarrassed circumstances, owing to disastrous speculations, and the allegation of the public prosecutor is that he poisoned his wife to raise money.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Yardley, Mr. D'Eyncourt will be moved from Clerkenwell to Marylebone Police-court, and Mr. Cooke from Worship-street to Clerkenwell. Mr. Robert M. Newton, Recorder of Cambridge, has been appointed police magistrate, and will sit at Worship-street.

The *Brighton Herald* gives currency to a rumour which for some days past has formed the most prominent subject for gossip among all classes at Brighton. The journal likens this case to that of Mrs. Heavside and Lardner, and then says:—"The principal offender in the present case is a member of the legal profession, holding an extensive practice as a barrister in Brighton, and also having Her Majesty's commission as a volunteer officer—a gentleman hitherto held in the highest respect, both for his character and his disposition. The lady is the wife of a county magistrate, residing in Brighton, and on his estate in the eastern division of the county, is the mother of a large and still youthful family, and possesses, we have heard, a considerable fortune in her own right."

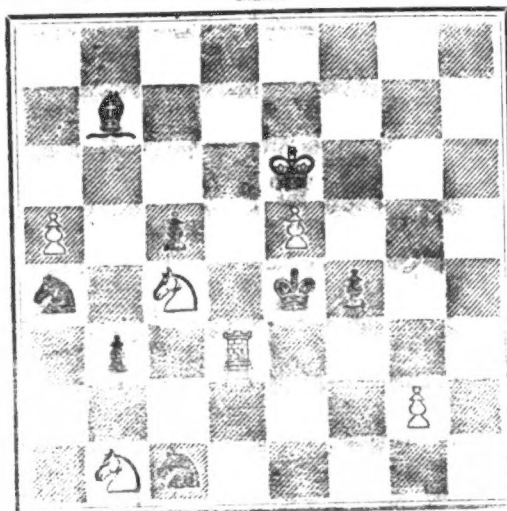
MR. JAMES BEVAN BOWAN, of Llwngwair, was on Monday elected unopposed for Penbroskeshire.

The ticket collector at Thornhill Lees Station, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, named James Whitehead, aged twenty-seven, recently disappeared, and on Saturday morning his body was found in the canal near the river, about a mile from Dewsbury. There is reason to believe that he had committed suicide, as he had been in a low state of mind for some time.

The coming session is likely to be more free from railway and other new schemes than any session since 1840. Engineers and surveyors have literally nothing to do, and parliamentary agents can boast of little beyond Bills of arrangement and for extensions of time. Several Bills for abandonment of authorized lines are likely to be brought in, in which relief will be sought from the penalties imposed in the Acts for non-completion of the lines. The number of lines authorized but not commenced is extraordinary; and a general Abandonment Act like that of 1847 is spoken of as not impossible in either the ensuing or the following session.—*Pull-mull Gazette.*

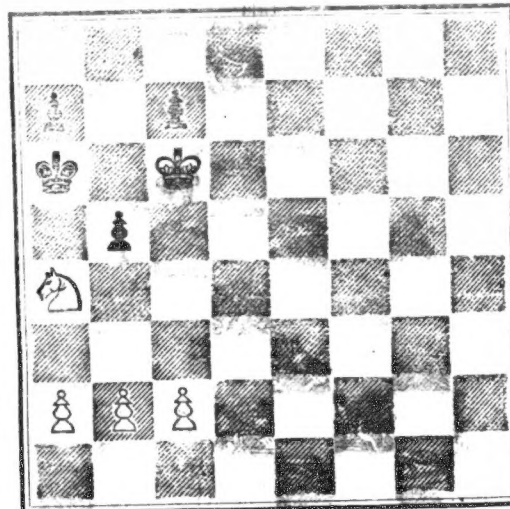
## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 396.—By W. P. (of Dorking).  
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 397.—By D'ORVILLE.  
[Specimens from the Old Masters.]  
Black.



White to move, and mate in seven moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 389.

- |                        |               |
|------------------------|---------------|
| White.                 | Black.        |
| 1. B to K B 8          | 1. R takes B  |
| 2. K takes B (ch)      | 2. R takes Kt |
| 3. R to Q Kt square    | 3. Any move   |
| 4. R takes B P, dis ch | 4. K takes B  |
| 5. P mates             |               |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 390.

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| White.        | Black.       |
| 1. Kt to Q 2  | 1. P moves   |
| 2. B to Q B 4 | 2. P takes P |
| 3. B to Q 4   | 3. P takes P |
| 4. K to B 2   | 4. P moves   |
| 5. Kt mates   |              |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 391.

- |                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| White.              | Black.         |
| 1. Kt to Q 3        | 1. R to K Kt 4 |
| 2. Q to Q R 6 (ch)  | 2. Q takes Q   |
| 3. Kt takes P (ch)  | 3. R takes Kt  |
| 4. Kt takes R, mate |                |

Solutions up to the present date by Cantab, F. B., J. Palmer, M. A. R., G. Stead, J. W. R., Fred R., W. W., Omicron, F. Green, W. S. Smith, F. Hardy, Heath and Cobb (Margate), G. French, A. Vaughan, T. Austin, W. P. (Dorking), F. Ledgar, W. Travers, J. Bayliss, C. Adin, Clegg of Oldham, E. Dixon, Vectis, J. R. D., B. X., Oxon, C. Weld, J. A. Harrison, W. Claxton, R. Bennett—correct.

T. K.—If you can perpetuate a check upon your adversary the game is drawn.

PHIZ.—You would do wisely to retain your problems for some considerable time, and to give them rigid and frequent scrutiny before submitting them for publication.

ALPHA.—The solutions forwarded by you do not, so far as we can ascertain, refer to any problems that we have published.

G. H.—The position to which you allude has not reached us. The present one shall have early attention.

## Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.  
MONDAY.

THE DERBY.—8 to 1 agst Mr. Pryor's The Rake (t); 500 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t); 500 to 30 agst Comd'r de la Grange's The Dragon (t); 3,000 to 50 agst Sir Jos. de la Haye's The Palmer (t); 2,000 to 50 agst the Duke of Beaumont's Vanda (t); 5,000 to 75 agst Stradbroke and Scipio coupled (t); 100 to 25 agst Plaudit winning the Two Thousand Guineas and the Rake the Derby.



## FENIANISM IN IRELAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Saunders* alleges that already irreparable mischief is being done in the provinces by a new effort of the Fenian conspirators. The wholesale houses in the city of Cork, for instance, have not received their usual orders from the neighbouring towns, and their travellers report that the small traders decline purchasing, as "no one can say what might happen between this and Christmas." But this feeling of insecurity is not confined to the shopkeepers. The better classes, who have money in the banks, are beginning to draw it out. One day last week there was "an unmistakable run" on an establishment in Cork, and it is even said that a gentleman drew as much as £15,000 to reinvest in English securities. It is possible that very few persons in his position will take such precautions; but it can easily be imagined, as is said to be the case, that the "labouring and the humbler classes believe there will be a rising before Christmas." Cork seems to be a very hot-bed of Fenianism. During the special commission there, "the ardour of the conspirators became chilled," and for a long time "the loyal subject" was not "insulted in the streets by the military marchings of the brotherhood," but early in the present year they again began to manifest disloyal tendencies. They reappeared at the funerals of their friends, marching in measured paces after the hearse; latterly, however, they have become more emboldened, and now they turn out at night in large bodies, three or four deep, to the music of some popular air. It is significant that, although there has been no marching like this in Dublin, the conspicuous part taken by the Fenians at public meetings—as at the Bright meeting in the Mechanics' Institute—has been conspicuous by the boldness of conduct displayed by the brotherhood in Cork. Attention has been before called to the immigration of conspirators at Queenstown during the past month or so. These individuals came back from America, where they fled on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, stating that they could not find employment in America. Their conduct, however, immediately after their arrival creates a suspicion that they have other objects in view. They left Cork in threes and fours for different parts of the country; and the same thing, it is suspected, has been going on for over six months. After every arrival of a steamer from New York numbers of Irish Yankees have disembarked, and left in parties for different counties. The reappearance on the scene of these American agents, and the attempt to introduce arms into the country, certainly appear to indicate an intention on the part of those who control and direct the confederacy to make some effort to carry out the threats of insurrection; but the Government are quite prepared for any emergency.

The seizure of arms at Cork proves this, at least, for the police were expecting the harmless-looking boxes. On opening the first the contents proved to be the weapons of which they were in search. One box contained no less than thirty Enfield rifles, perfectly new, and apparently only just turned out of the maker's hands, with a bayonet of the ring-lock pattern attached to each. There were parcels of spare nipples, and six new bullet moulds, which, with the rifles, were of first-class construction, in the same box. The second box was found to contain fifty rifles, with bayonets of the same description, and by the same makers (Kynoch and Co., Birmingham), a proportionate number of spare nipples, and six bullet moulds. The rifles, which were closely packed in straw, were Enfield pieces, and about half a foot longer than those supplied to the regular army, and, consequently, capable of carrying much farther, and with greater force. The bayonets are of the pattern, but not so long, as the sword bayonets used by the constabulary. One case was entered in the ship's manifest as containing, "American leather," and the other as enclosing "oilcloth." Boxes of similar construction, it is said, have been arriving for some time by the steamers from England, and been conveyed into the country. This may be more idle rumour, but a magistrate of respectability asserts that he lately passed a horse and cart about two miles to the west of the city conveying two apparently heavy cases (those seized weigh a ton) of precisely the same character. The arms were of course at once removed from the packet office to Union-quay Station by a body of police under the command of the city sub-inspector and the county inspector. The arrest of the man named Tracey, in the linen department of the Messrs. Daly and Co., of Cork, to whom the boxes were consigned to throw the police off their guard, took place soon after the discovery of what they contained. He is a native of Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick. At the time of the arrests pending the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act he was taken into custody, but was shortly after liberated, the evidence against him not being sufficiently strong to justify his detention. Some time after he surrendered his situation, declaring that he could not live in the city, owing to the attention bestowed upon his movements by the detectives. Having left the city for some months, he returned, and, applying to be reinstated, was again employed in the establishment. The evidence now against him in respect to the importation of the captured firearms is unknown. Other parties for whom the police are now looking absconded as soon as the seizure was effected. Mr. Daly and his partners are most respectable men, and not the slightest suspicion rests upon them in connexion with the transaction. Mr. Daly himself is a member of the corporation of Cork.

## DESPATCH OF TROOPS TO IRELAND.

A telegram from the Admiralty at Whitehall was received at the admiralty office at Portsmouth on Monday afternoon asking how soon the *Orontes*, troop ship, Captain Hare, could be got ready for sea. As the *Orontes* had discharged part of her stores, and was ordered to be paid off on the 3rd proximo, the telegram occasioned considerable astonishment at Portsmouth. The order with reference to the *Orontes* was coupled with directions that the troop ship *Tamar*, Captain Francis W. Sullivan, C.B., should sail for Ireland, to convey troops.

## "CAPITAL, ONE MILLION."

Such is the characteristic heading of a series of illustrations given on page 394, and which our readers need not be told are singularly significant of the present times. The number of new Limited Liability Companies now being wound-up in Chancery is really startling; and the details brought out in many cases are, unfortunately, too much in accordance with the career of "The Limited Liability Sand-Bank Company," so admirably taken off by our artist.

THROAT DISEASE.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarse-ness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, at a discount, to this country at 1s. 1d. per box. Some of the most eminent doctors of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounced them the best article for Hoarse-ness ever offered to the public. The Hon. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." So do all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

## Lab and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
MANSLION HOUSE.

IMPUDENT ROBBERY.—Thomas Wells, who had been previously convicted at this court of assaults, was charged before the Lord Mayor (Alderman Gabriel) with a robbery. The prosecutor was Edward Mills, a sailor, living at Gillingham, Dorsetshire. He had arrived that morning by an early train at the Cannon-street railway station, and intended to proceed by another line to Dorsetshire. On leaving the train the prisoner spoke to him and became very officious, offering first to carry his carpet-bag, and then, finding he wanted to proceed further, to show him a time-table. The complainant so far complied as to look at the time-table, and for that civility he treated the prisoner to a glass of ale at a refreshment counter. From there he went to the cloak-room, and having taken from his purse the key of the bag to take something from it, he laid the purse upon the counter while he unlocked and looked the bag. The prisoner, who had followed him there, stood by his side. Having given the bag to the attendant he turned round to take up his purse, but it had gone, and so had the prisoner. The attendant, a young man named McDonald, followed the prisoner, not having lost sight of him, found him in a cloak and underequipped place near the station. He brought him back to the cloak-room and gave him into custody. The purse, which contained half a sovereign, 9s. 6d. in silver, and two gold and one silver Turkish coins, was not found upon the prisoner, but the attendant traced it secreted in the obscure place to which he had traced him, and it then contained the exact sum which the complainant had named, and in the precise coins he had mentioned on finding he had been robbed. The prisoner admitted his guilt, but said he was starving, and begged to be leniently dealt with, alleging that, although he had been convicted before of assaults, this was his first theft. The Lord Mayor, observing that he had no doubt the prisoner was one of a class of persons who infested railway stations for purposes of robbery, sentenced him to three months' hard labour.

## LAMBETH.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—Eliza Nicholls, aged 29, was placed at the bar before the Hon. G. C. Norton on a charge of being concerned with another woman not in custody in the commission of a daring highway robbery. Mr. Buckland, a house decorator, deposed that on the previous Friday night, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, while passing close to the archways of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, near to the Elephant and Castle Station, he received a very severe blow from some heavy weapon from behind, which caused him to fall backwards, and as soon as he fell the prisoner seized him by the throat, while another woman filled his pockets of two half-crowns and three sixpences, and also took away his scarf-pin. He laid hold of both, but the other woman got away by throwing off her shawl, and the prisoner was rescued from his grasp by a crowd that had soon assembled. Observing that her shawl was a light one he (witness) kept his eye on her as well as he was able, and succeeded a few minutes after in overtaking her in the Walworth-road. The prisoner, who merely denied the charge, was remanded, and when locked up it was discovered by Oakes, the gaoler, that in April, 1865, the prisoner and another young woman named Waters were tried and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for a highway robbery.

LOVER'S QUARRELS AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Sarah Ann Lewis, 19, the daughter of an ex-policeman, was finally examined, before the Hon. G. C. Norton, on a charge of attempting self-destruction by throwing herself into the Surrey Canal. From the evidence it appeared that the prisoner and a young man, named Pooley, had been on intimate terms for some years, and were out together on Sunday night week. On parting they had a few words, and Pooley refused to bid her good night, and she declared she should drown herself, and ran along a street leading to the Surrey Canal. Pooley pointed her out to a constable and told him what she had said, and both followed her; but before they could overtake her she reached the canal bank and flung herself into the water. The officer procured the drags, and with some difficulty saved her life, while Pooley looked coolly on with his hands in his pockets. The prisoner's father said the whole of his daughter's misfortunes were owing to the conduct of the man Pooley, who first seduced her, and then took her away from her home whenever he thought proper. Pooley on the other hand declared that the young woman's misfortunes were entirely owing to the tyranny of the father, and his frequently turning her out of doors. He was ready to marry her, he said, if she only promised not "to go with other chaps." Mr. Norton doubted after the want of feeling displayed by him when the prisoner was in the water, and not offering the slightest assistance to get her out, that he would make her a good husband, and prevailed on the father to give her another trial. In consenting to this the father declared he should sooner see his daughter at the bottom of the canal than married to the man Pooley.

## WESTMINSTER.

A SOLICITOR CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.—William Courtney Brutton, a solicitor, of 23, Regent-street, St. James's, was charged with feloniously intermarrying with Ellen Bertha Trimble, his first wife being then and still alive. Mr. Sleight prosecuted; Mr. E. D. Lewis, of Marlborough-street, defended. On Wednesday week William Banyard, clerk to the defendant, was charged by Captain Oldham, Norland House, Victoria-road, Brighton, with publishing a defamatory libel of and concerning Ellen Trimble, and was committed from Lambeth Police-court for trial upon bail. Mr. Henry William Wessons, 16, Penbridge-villas, Bayswater, proved that he was present at the marriage of the defendant with Hannah Bridge, witness's sister-in-law, at the church of St. John the Evangelist, Peuge. He gave the bride away. He last saw her alive on Sunday. Alfred Mercer, clerk to the parish of St. Peter's, Finchley, produced the register of a marriage between William Courtney Brutton and Ellen Bertha Trimble on the 3rd of March last. He was described as a bachelor and signed the book. Mr. Wessons recalled: The signature was that of the prisoner. Cross-examined: He was the prosecutor. Subsequent to the second marriage a deed of separation was drawn up between the defendant and his wife. He was trustee. At that time, May 30, he knew that the defendant had married again. Luby, the warrant officer, proved that the prisoner said when taken into custody, "My second wife knew I was a married man when she married me." Mr. Sleight said he would not proceed with the charge of making the false entry at St. Peter's at present. The defendant was committed for trial, two sureties in 150*l.*, and his own security in 300*l.* being taken for his appearance.

## Literature.

ROSE LEIGH;  
OR, THE MYSTERY OF AVENHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELENA LYDE," "SIR MARMADUKZ TRELVENNAN," "VIOLET VALENTINE," "RAFFLED AT LAST," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

The prettiest cottage in the wide parish of Avenham was Ralph Leigh's, at the hill-foot.

Not that it had originally been built with any view to the picturesque and beautiful. The rooms were small and low, and the marks of age were everywhere visible; on the weather-stained walls—in the thatched roof—and in the tiny lead casements, which never would keep out the cold winds of the winter.

Still it was lovely, with its climbing roses peeping in at every casement, and the delicate sprays and starry flowers of the jasmine clustering around the rude porch. The garden was always bright with the flowers of the season; everything around it was neat and orderly; and artists, who came to sketch the ruined abbey which towered high above the trees on Avenham Hill, often begged to transfer to their folios the cottage of Ralph Leigh.

It was a lovely spot. The village lay more than a mile beyond. The plantations of Avenham Park—dense masses of pine and larches, through which the breeze always sighed mournfully—were only separated from the cottage by a small orchard; while the woods which clothed the Abbey Hill, and crowded it with verdure, rose high above the dwelling of the Leighs, and cast upon it their continual shadow.

Not another house was in sight; and the isolation would have been intolerable to Margaret Leigh—the only young and cheerful creature there—had not the highway to Avenham skirted her lovely garden, and a bye road, leading to one of the entrances to the park, crossed the hill, close to the field where they pastured their own cows.

But Ralph Leigh and his wife hugged their solitary home, and would not have exchanged it for a livelier one.

They had been well to do, holding one of the largest farms in the parish, until a succession of misfortunes rendered it advisable to relinquish it.

With the small remnant of property that remained to them, after every claim had been fully met, they retired to this cottage—thankful that it was at a sufficient distance from the village to discourage the prying visits of indifferent persons, and yet near enough for them to see, occasionally, the few tried friends adversity had left them.

In the fair stillness of a summer evening, when the glories of the setting sun glittered on the lattice panes, and the soft air was gathering up the fragrance of the closing blossoms, Mrs. Leigh stood in the porch, shading her eyes with her hand, and gazing along the high road.

"Father's late, Margaret," she said. "Put that book down, and come to the gate. Your eyes are quicker to spy him than mine."

Obedient to the summons, a young girl about eighteen years of age came to her side, and half laughingly chided her impatience.

"He is not late, mother. It cannot be more than eight o'clock. Hark! I can hear Avenham curlew ringing! And think how many questions and hearty greetings he always has to hear and answer whenever he goes to the town."

"True; but he wasn't well when he started—I'd as lief he'd stayed away, but he wouldn't hear of it—and the day's been hot—and he's not as young as he was—and it's a weary, long walk, Margaret, for one that isn't used to it."

The girl echoed her mother's sigh, but soon shook off the sad recollections the words conjured up, and began to reassure the anxious wife.

"Perhaps he'll ride with Farmer Norris to his gate, and come home across the hill. He'll not be long now, depend upon it."

But Mrs. Leigh was in one of those depressed moods which sometimes affect us, and can neither be shaken off nor accounted for. She was a woman of deep, strong passions. In her hours of affliction she had carried her head high, and been vain of all she called hers—from the produce of her dairy to the two fair girls who were sportively named the "Flowers of Avenham." And, though hospitable and generous, she was also easily prejudiced, and difficult to conciliate.

Every one prophesied that she would feel the shock of her downfall acutely. Perhaps she did; although the only visible traces were in the deepened lines around her mouth, and the more settled gravity of a manner which had never been gay, or even cheerful.

And so, Margaret, accustomed to see her always quiet and sober, did not dream how deep the gloom was that hung over her this evening, and flitted about among her flowers, humming old songs with a light heart.

Once she paused, and, blushing shyly, moved aside to let a gentleman pass who had emerged from the cottage, and, unknown to either the mother or daughter, had lingered in the shadow of the porch, watching her graceful movements.

He was an artist, known to them only as Mr. Brereton, who, accepting shelter from a shower, had casually learned that they occasionally let a couple of rooms, and immediately became their tenant.

He was young, handsome, and courteous, treating Mr. and Mrs. Leigh with a gentle respect that pleased them the more now that poverty made them quick to notice any slight.

To Margaret, his presence was alternately a grief and a joy. When he paused beside her, asking her opinion of his sketches, or brought her some rare blossom culled in his rambles, or laid on her work-table a new book or periodical, she revelled in the spell his look and his voice cast around her.

But in her lonely hours, and they were many, she would waken from her dreams with a crimsoning face and sigh of shame, that she should, even for a moment, forget that, despite his unassuming manner, he was evidently a gentleman by birth and education, while she was simply Margaret Leigh, of the cottage at the hill-foot.

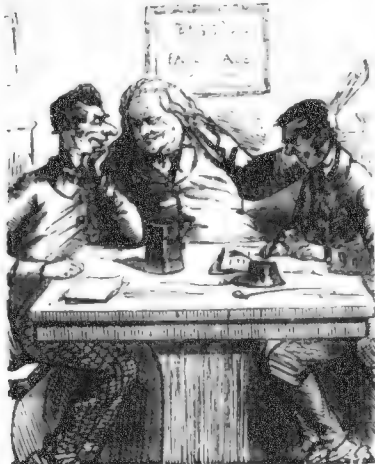
These feelings had of late made her cold and restrained, and Mr. Brereton checked the inclination to stop and speak, and went silently down the path.

Mrs. Leigh stepped from the gate as he approached it; but she, too, was mute; and, after a moment's hesitation, he leaped the low hedge which encircled the Abbey woods, and soon disappeared.

"Oh, don't go in yet!" cried Margaret, coaxingly, as, tired of her futile watching, her mother was turning away. "Come into [unclear] age 8]



# CAPITAL ONE MILLION



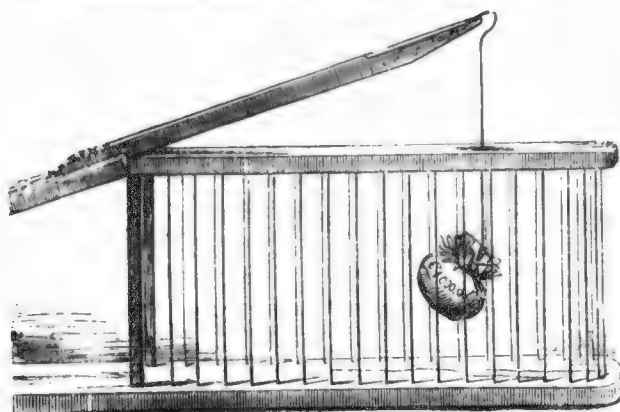
The Limited Liability Sand Bank Company.



The Deputation to Lord Tennyson.



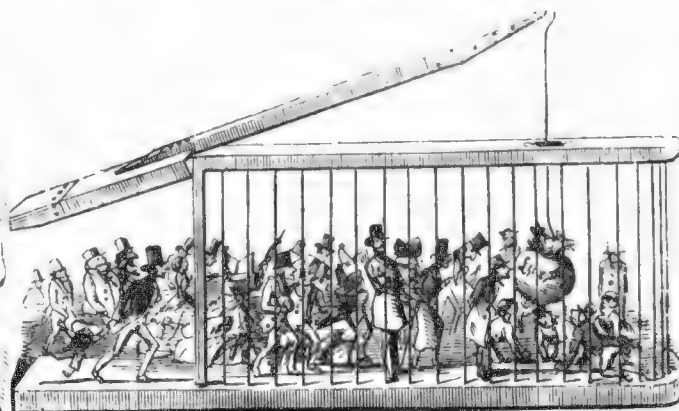
Followed by the Directors.



The office is opened.—Capital, One Million.



The advantages are duly weighed.



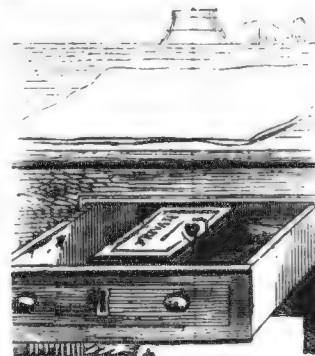
Shareholders rush in.



But money is borrowed



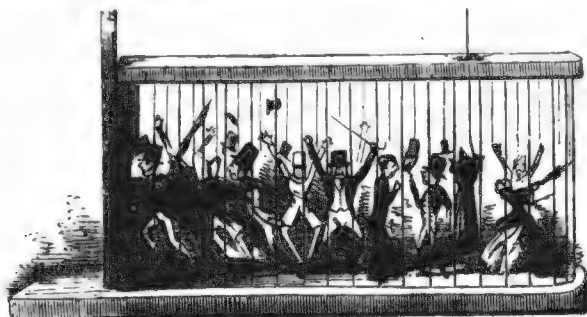
On good security.



At length, the private Ledger



Being inspected,



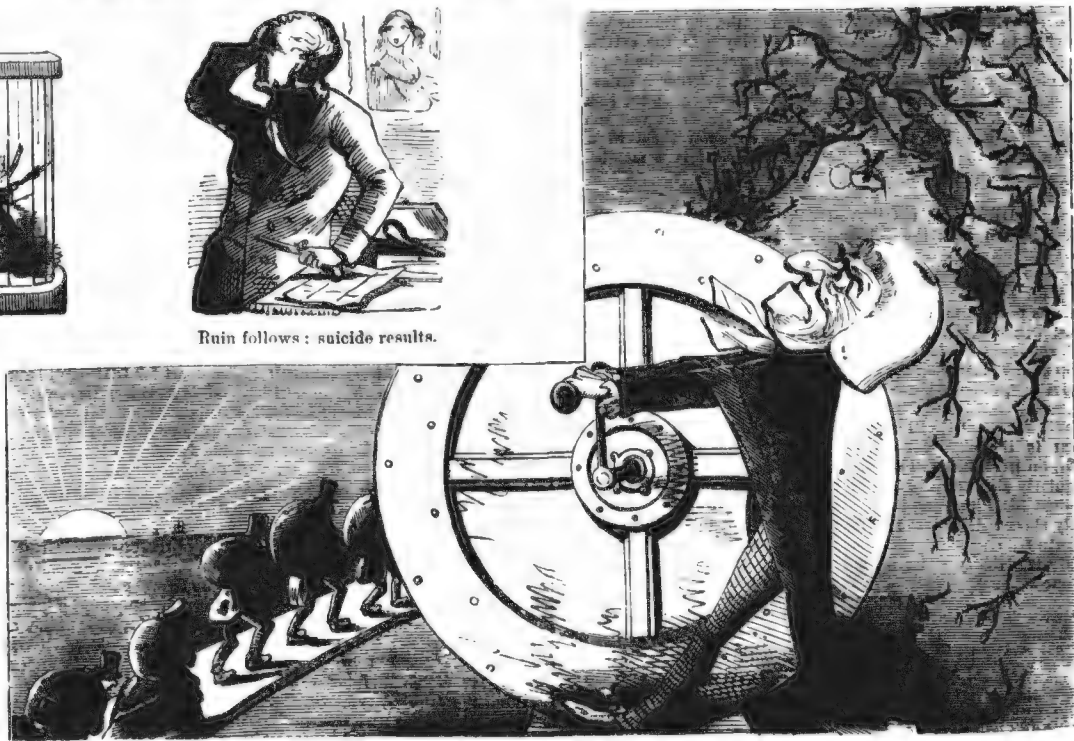
The Office is shut.



Ruin follows: suicide results.



The wife become a widow—the child fatherless.



And Chancery proceeds with the Winding-up





ROSE LEIGH AND HER SISTER STARTLED AT THE APPEARANCE OF THE GIPSY.

the road, and let us look up the hill. It is always so lovely there, and the lime-trees are in flower! Come!"

Half unwittingly, Mrs. Leigh permitted herself to be led through the gate, and even a few paces up the bye-road.

Margaret uttered a joyful exclamation, as she raised her hand to point out the fragrant lime-trees.

"Oh, mother, look, look! There is Rose—our Rose!"

At the very top of the hill, just where the o'er-arching trees seemed to meet, and frame in the blue sky beyond, stood a young girl, looking, in her light floating dress and statuesque pose, like a creature from another sphere.

But she proved her mortality as soon as she saw the figures at the hill-foot, by flying towards them with a rapidity that ended in sending her, laughing merrily, into the outstretched arms of her sister.

Rose Leigh was the child of Ralph, by his first wife—a fair, fragile little thing whom he had laid in Avenham Churchyard, within eighteen months of their marriage.

Thus she was Margaret's elder by about two years; but so petite was she, so childish in her looks and manners, that beside the more luxuriant beauty of her taller, rosier sister, she looked, and was generally considered, the younger.

But despite the clinging, caressing softness of her manner, Rose was not without a certain energy of character.

When those misfortunes overtook her father, which we have already detailed, she resolved to leave the home, where her presence could only be a burden.

"You have Margaret," she said, "who has double the sense and industry that I have. She will cheer and console you, and work for you, while I should fret, and mope, and be useless."

"But what will you do, and where will you go?" asked Mrs. Leigh, perplexed at this determination, and looking anxiously at her silent father. But he, who passionately loved the child of his dead Lucy, listened hopefully to anything that promised to free her from the straits to which the family would now be reduced.

"They want a maid for the young ladies at Avenham Park," was the prompt reply; "and Mrs. Tremayne would like to have me. These fingers of mine are only fit for hair-dressing and needle-work."

So Rose went to be spoiled by her young mistresses, who were delighted with their gay and graceful soubrette; and Margaret stayed, patiently and cheerfully, enduring every sad change. Bearing with meekness the irritability of her father, who felt his reverses sorely; and never complaining of the wearying monotony of a life in which Rose's occasional visits were the only events.

"Child!" said Mrs. Leigh, reprovingly, as Rose fluttered up to her with a loving word and a kiss; "why do you venture out in the night air without proper wraps?"

Pretty Rose twirled round on one toe, that her muslin dress, the last gift of one of the young ladies, might be displayed; and, coquettishly arranging the light scarf she had thrown over her head and shoulders, protested that it was too hot, and she never caught cold.

"Don't talk nonsense!" answered Mrs. Leigh, shortly.

"Now, mother, dear, haven't you often said it is the only thing I can do well? But, father—where is father?"

Margaret, gazing at her with unselfish admiration, and not a thought of the contrast her own simple grey dress presented, could have fancied that a look of relief crossed that fair young face when his absence was mentioned.

Certain it was that Rose made so light of her stepmother's growing uneasiness, that Mrs. Leigh was half-offended, and abruptly left them.

Rose repented directly; and threw down the wild honeysuckle she was plucking from the hedge to saucily fling at her laughing sister.

"Have I vexed her, Daisy, dear? I did not mean to do so—and I can hardly stay to make it up. Dear, good mother, how grey and grave she is now. I must go and beg her to forgive me, or I shall not sleep in peace."

Rose flew into the cottage, and presently came back with tearful eyes and Margaret's brown cloak on her arm.

"See!" she said, gaily, "as a proof of penitence, I must wear this back to the park; and it is so ugly. Good-bye, Maggie! Don't hate me for abusing your cloak."

"Nay, stay a moment. I shall walk with you."

Rose would not hear of this, but her sister insisted.

"You have made so short a stay. Oh, Rosie, we see so little of you! When you come home, it is only as now—just long enough for a brief 'How d'ye do,' and away again."

Rose blushed, and seemed pained at the complaint, although she could not refute it.

"But you will be with me all day next Thursday," she said.

"We are to have gay doings, to celebrate the young squire's coming of age, and you must be sure to come early, Margaret. I don't wilfully neglect you, dear! I know I must seem unkind, but it is not intentional."

Her sister's caress was affectionately returned, and a kiss pressed on the lips that quivered like a grieved child's.

"I never thought it was, Rosie! We are always sure that you love us, and would come more frequently if you could. Of course, we never blame you. We only wish you had more opportunities of coming home."

Rose hung her head, and frankly said, "I'm not sure that I'm quite innocent. Now don't look so, so closely at me, nor fancy more than my words imply. Margaret, you must not question me—I cannot bear it!"

She stamped her foot as she spoke, and drew herself away from the arm of her wondering sister.

"Rose, if you have secrets from us—"

"Who says I have secrets? Who has been whispering anything about me?" And the girl now came back, and grasping Margaret's shoulder, awaited her reply breathlessly.

Before the astounded Margaret could reply, Rose uttered a startled "Hush!" and pointed to a figure crouching by the wayside.

It was a dark-skinned, slight-framed woman, with an infant in her lap, and a bundle on the ground at her feet. She looked travel-worn, and did not move until they had unconsciously approached so close that their skirts touched her.

Opening her weary eyes, she saw the young girls, and with an effort to assume the usual cant of her class, offered to tell their fortunes.

"Let me look at your hand, my pretty lady," she said, addressing Rose, "and I'll tell you, by the lines across it, the name of your husband, and the colour of his hair, and a many things you'd like to know."

But Rose, blushing deeply, had put her hands behind her, and Margaret interposed with a serious air.

"We would rather hear why you are sitting in this lonely place, and night coming on so fast? Do you know how far you are from any inn?"

The gipsy shook her head with a hopeless air.

"It's no matter; I must make my resting-place where I can. I've walked from Portsmouth, and I ha'n't a copper left to pay for a bed."

She hushed her babe, who began to wail pitifully, and again raised her hollow eyes to the compassionate faces bending over her.

"Walked from Portsmouth, and by yourself! So many, many miles! How could you?"

There was a fierce intonation in the voice that replied, "What wouldn't one do for the father of their child, eh? Though I'm a fool for my pains, I guess, an' taere ain't a man in the world that's worth the trouble. I know that to my sorrow."

Rose uttered a faint cry, and crept closer to Margaret, as if the woman's manner frightened her.

"Oh, don't say that!" she cried, earnestly. "Surely, surely, our trust is not always betrayed!"

"You needn't look so scared, my bonny lady. Phil's my lawful husband, and I've a right to be with him when he's in trouble."

"No one questions that right," said Margaret, mildly.

The gipsy sank back into her former attitude, and the angry light died out of her eyes.

"That's true; but everybody harped at me so for coming after him, that I'm sick of being found fault with. I know he's a bad one, and that he ran away and left us, and we might ha' starved for aught he knowed; but he's my husband, ye see, and when I heard he was imprisoned for poaching, and took to London for trial, I couldn't rest till I came after him. Mayhap he'll be glad to see us now, baby!"

Rose, her eyes shining through tears, murmured, "Poor wife—poor mother! How could he ill-use one so faithful! And you are twenty miles from London now."

"Ay," was the sad reply, "and beat out. I can go no further till I ha' rested."

"What can we do for her?" whispered the pitying girl to her sister. "She does not look as if she could walk to Avenham."

Before Margaret could reply, her quicker brain had solved the question.

"Ask mother to take her in for the night, and I'll tell Mrs. Tremayne, and bring something for her in the morning. Do, dear; she cannot refuse."

Margaret hesitated. Mrs. Leigh had a rooted aversion to the dark-skinned, black-eyed Egyptians, and would not look pleased at having one thrust upon her in this fashion; but Rose had knelt down and was hushing the little one with soft words and smiles, till the mother smiled too.

"You're a rare one with children. Oh, you'll be having one of your own to pet and prattle to some day."

Starting up, with burning cheeks, Rose hurriedly bade her sister come away; and Margaret, half-vexed at the impatience of her manner, hastily told the woman that she would try and overtake her ere she reached the hill-foot, and followed the fleet steps of her sister.

Neither of them spoke until they had climbed the hill, and descended the other side, as far as a small white gate leading into the park.

This gave access to a path through the plantation, and was a nearer way to the house, but as it was usually kept locked, Rose had another half mile to go ere she reached the lodge.

But she refused to let Margaret accompany her any further, and was almost petulant when the latter persisted.

She spoke so sharply that her sister was first astonished and then hurt.

"I will go back, then, if you wish it; but you used to ask me to be your companion to the lodge, Rosie, and laugh at me if I said it would be a dreary walk home in the darkness."

"I was wrong; I was thoughtless; and when I try to improve, you speak as if you were annoyed!" cried Rose, pettishly.

"No, dear, no. I did not intend it if I did. I scarcely understood your meaning. Come, Rosie, kiss me kindly, and I will hurry back. It is very good of you to remember my foolish fears, and I am truly disagreeable to murmur. Good night; good-bye till Thursday."

But Margaret had not gone five steps when the arms of Rose were round her neck, and in a burst of hysterical sobs the wayward girl was entreating forgiveness.

They sat down on the bank together, for Rose's slight form bent and swayed with the violence of her weeping.

"Oh, Margaret, my own true, kind sister, forgive me! If you knew—if you did but guess—how often my heart has ached beneath the smiles and nonsense that hides my sorrow, you would not wonder that I speak crossly, even to you. I go about deceiving every one, and I hate myself for it."

With new fears agitating her, Margaret tried to soothe the weeper.

"Rosie, darling, we little thought you were not happy at the park. Why did you not come home? Oh, why not confess to father that you disliked your situation? He would be glad to have his Rosie back!"

A shudder was the only reply.

"Won't you tell me what this trouble is?" asked the anxious sister. "You will not send me away until you have told me why you weep so violently!"

"Because I yearn for your sympathy, Daisy, just as I used to when we were children. I never found anything such a balm for my griefs as the sight of your pitying tears."

She spoke in a half-jesting tone that displeased Margaret, who saw that her questions were being evaded.

"But in those days, Rosie," said her sister, kindly, "you came to me, and told me all you thought and felt."

"And wouldn't I gladly do so now, if—"

"If what, Rose?"

Rose sighed heavily, "If I might."

"Might!" replied Margaret. "Whom do you fear? Not me, surely."



"You? No; you are too gentle and lenient; but, but—" She raised her head from her sister's shoulder, and spoke with assumed gaiety. "You must not be prying, dear Margaret. You are not my elder sister, you know; and you must be content to wait my pleasure in the matter. We are the best of friends now, aren't we? And after Thursday you shall have me all to yourself for a day or two, and ask me as many questions as you like; and—and I hope then that I may freely answer them."

But Margaret could not feel satisfied. There was evidently a secret which her sister kept from her, and it grieved Margaret's heart that such should be the case.

"And you really intend to let me go away with this half confidence?"

As she spoke, the clock at the great house chimed the quarter to nine, and Rose sprung from her seat and dashed away her tears.

"How foolish of me! What will they think? Go away, darling Daisy; go home. I cannot stay to tell you any more to-night."

"But, Rosie—"

"But, Margaret, just consider the time! We shall get into trouble for being out so late. You will be scolded at home, and I the park. Good-night, and good-bye. I am quite myself again, and aslamed at my silly tears!"

She gently pushed her sister away, and very slowly the reluctant Margaret left her.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN Margaret Leigh had reached the rude barrier which prevented any cattle browsing on the common from descending the bye-road leading to the hill-foot, she paused a moment and looked back.

On one side of the path she had just quitted lay the broad, open moorland of which we have just spoken, and on this the light of departing day still lingered. On the other hand were the park palings; and at the white gate she had just left, Rose, despite her professions of haste, was still lingering.

What meant this strange delay? Margaret drew her fingers across her eyes to be sure that they did not deceive her.

Yes, it was certainly Rose, for a gust of air lifted the brown cloak which Mrs. Leigh had insisted upon her wearing, and a ray of the rising moon shone on the light dress beneath.

Margaret, who could only conclude that she had given way to another fit of the emotion which had so much alarmed her, resolved to go back; but, ere she had time to move, Mr. Brereton, her father's artist-lodger, crossed the stile from the Abbey woods, where he had been wandering in the twilight.

Margaret coloured, and shrank back as he appeared, thinking only of avoiding observation. It would have been delightful to descend the hill with him beside her, but she was learning to avoid these interviews, so dangerous to her peace.

A furtive glance assured her that he had not perceived her; but the same shy, hurried look, revealed that he had noted the figure at the park-gate, and was hastening towards it.

It was a slight thing to trouble her; but it was with a pang of wounded pride and distrust that Margaret passed the barrier, and pursued her homeward route. Her jealous heart was asking if this meeting was a chance one; or did he know that Rose would be there?

He had freely expressed an artistic gratification in gazing at her delicate loveliness; and Rose's vanity had been aroused by the discovery that he had sketched her as she sat in the arbour with her sister.

But Margaret had never anticipated his admiration verging into warmer feelings; nor did it appear likely that Rose, hitherto so innocent and so fondly attached to her own family and the Tremaynes, had surrendered her heart to this stranger.

She had never appeared to take any interest in him, and it was not with her that he had been domesticated.

If he had seen her often, it must have been by stealth, as now; and Rose might well be unhappy, and afraid to confess the cause of her tears, if this unknown were teaching her to deceive her parents.

The thought that had flashed into Margaret's mind, when Rose was weeping on her bosom, that the young Squire had to do with such passionate grief, was scarcely worse than this.

Anyhow, Margaret, brought up to have no concealments, was well aware that the kind, but resolute will, combined with the love of her mother as Mrs. Leigh, would be Rose's best safeguard and guide; and she sped home, resolved to confide all her doubt to her.

Mrs. Leigh was in the porch, and the first look of her troubled face made her daughter resolve to defer all unpleasant communications until the morrow.

"How long you have been—Oh, Margaret, I am wearying to death about your father!"

"Mother, dear, he has been as late before, and you were not terrified. I cannot understand what it is you dread. The roads are safe enough for travellers."

"I know, child—I know; but to-night there's something hanging over me—"

She broke off abruptly. She was ashamed to confess that, as she paced the quiet kitchen, the ticking of the small spider, known by the ominous name of the Deathwatch, had awakened superstitious alarms.

Margaret now remembered the woman, and asked for her.

Yes, she had been to the door. "But, child," Mrs. Leigh continued, "she was a gipsy. I dare say she'd a whole gang of tinkers and thieves at her heels. How could you be so thoughtless as to send her here asking a night's lodging? I wouldn't take in such as her; so I gave her sixpence, and bade her go on to Avenham."

Margaret related the woman's history, and her mother, who despite her prejudices, was warm-hearted, heard her with regret. Opening the door, she looked out into the darkness, and even went a few yards beyond the garden, to see if the wanderer was still lingering near.

"Heaven forgive me!" she said, remorsefully. "I didn't see she had a babe under her shawl. Margaret, I'm not myself to-night, anyhow. I'll go and lie down."

So Margaret kept her watch in the porch alone; the gloom of mother's manner, and her own anxieties respecting Rose, strangely oppressing her.

She had not long to wait. The night had closed in dark and murky. Distant thunder rolled along the sky, and the flashes of lightning were vivid and frequent; but ere the storm burst, or the cuckoo clock in the corner struck the half-hour after nine, Ralph Leigh entered the gate, and bent his head to receive his daughter's salute.

With his usual carelessness he hung up his hat, and put his walking-stick in a corner; but refusing the supper spread for him,

he sat down in his arm-chair; and now Margaret saw that the hand which shaded his eyes trembled violently, and he was exhausted and ill at ease.

Were her mother's forebodings about to be realized?

Sinking on her knees beside him, and drawing down the shading fingers which concealed the haggard features, she softly asked if he were ill.

"Sick and sorrowful, little one!" he answered, tenderly stroking back her wavy hair. "Sick and sorrowful, but I'll keep my bad news till the morning. We'll be strong to bear it then. So give me a light, and I will go up to bed."

Margaret trembled at the suspense—always so intolerable to the young—but she dutifully lit his candle, and closed the house.

Again he kissed and blessed her with such sorrowful tenderness, that, clinging to him, she asked, "Oh, father, is it very bad? What have you heard? I'd rather know the worst at once!"

"Child, I've heard more than one thing to-day that's vexed me. The last news they told me in the town was, that the Rayling bank had broke. If that's true, our bit of money is gone, and I must turn day labourer."

"No, no, father; not while I can work for you! I, that am so young and strong!"—and the girl, with a deep sob of loving compassion, stooped and reverently kissed the trembling hands that had been resting on her shoulders.

He smiled upon her fondly. "Ay, Margaret, I think you're true as steel. Well, well, child, don't fret. It mayn't be correct. We'll hear more about it in the morning. I'll go to bed, and try to forget all my sorrows."

As he put his foot on the first stair, Ralph Leigh looked back, and asked, "Has Rose been here to-night?"

Margaret's face and neck crimsoned beneath his inquiring glance. She could not add to his anxieties by telling what she knew and suspected; but she felt almost as guilty as her wilful sister when she faltered out a "yes."

Old Leigh's brow darkened when he saw her confusion, and, at first, he seemed disposed to return and interrogate her. But, to Margaret's great relief, he did not. He was bodily ill with fatigue and excitement; and, on reaching his room, sank on the bed in a state of exhaustion that alarmed his good wife.

Margaret crept up to her own little chamber, almost as weary and depressed as her father. But she was too restless for sleep. As she looked from the casement at the threatening sky, and strove to cool her throbbing brow in the cold breeze of the night, she saw a figure come hurrying along the road from Avenham, and enter the gate.

It was the artist, whom for the last half-hour she had almost forgotten. But the door was only latched, and Margaret heard him open it and quietly ascend to his apartment, as he had done once or twice previously when his walks kept him out beyond their early hour of retiring.

Every circumstance of this night, however trivial, was to be deeply impressed on the memory of Margaret; and she could have fancied, even then, when she dreamed not of what the morrow would bring forth, that her mind grappled with them curiously.

Hour after hour she lay in a daze which was confusedly peopled with the forms of the gipsy, Rose, and the stranger-artist. And when, as the morning broke, her slumbers became more profound, her dreams repeated the walk to the white park-gate, the gipsy's sorrowful history, the tears and broken exclamations of her sister, and the inexplicable delay at the gate, whither the artist was also bound.

It was beyond her usual hour of rising when Margaret Leigh awoke; and ashamed of her unwonted idleness, she hastily dressed and stole down stairs to make ready the morning meal.

Her mother quickly followed her. "We're late, child; but your father sleeps now, and I wouldn't move to waken him. What's this, eh? Did you put this here?"

As she spoke, she had lifted a little note which some one had laid on the table by Margaret's work-basket; and turning it over with a bewildered look, she held it towards her daughter.

Margaret opened—read it—and with paling face ran out of the room, and up-stairs. Her colour had come back when she returned, but she could not steady the voice that whispered, "Mother, he's gone!"

"Gone, child! Who? Not Mr. Brereton, surely?"

"Yes," and Margaret picked up the note. "See here; he cannot have left the house long, for the ink is scarcely dry."

"But what does he say? What's taken him away in such a strange hurry?"

Margaret cleared her tremulous voice. "He says that at Avenham, last night, he found a letter acquainting him with the illness of a relative. If he is not able to return soon, he will write to us again. That's all, mother."

Mrs. Leigh, her mind occupied with other matters, merely nodded, and went on preparing some tea for her husband.

But Margaret, stunned by the suddenness of the artist's departure, walked listlessly into the porch.

Then he had departed. His presence would enliven the house no more. She might never again hear the deep-toned voice, which had been such sweet music in her ears. Oh, foolish Margaret, to weep so bitterly!

For the first time, a deep sense of the terrible loneliness of her life came over her. And now she shrank with inexpressible dread from the thought of the long, dull days spent in the monotonous toll of the needle, and the duller evenings by the side of her grave, silent mother, with her father dozing in his arm-chair, and no sound to break the deep stillness but the ticking of the house-clock, and the swaying of the pine-trees without.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs broke upon the quiet of the fair fresh morning, and sad Margaret, raising her head, saw that a rider was coming quickly down the steep hill from Avenham Park.

She stepped out into the garden, and cried, for it was the young Squire, and he was drawing rein at their gate.

Surprised at the unusual circumstance—for Fred Tremayne had all the idle, lounging habits of a spoiled heir, and never showed himself before ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon—Margaret advanced to meet him.

With the hasty movements of one whose errand is important, and will brook no delay, he had dismounted, and stood with his bridle over his arm, looking more vexed and uneasy than she had ever seen him before.

He took hold of her passive hand with a friendly air that brought a tinge of colour to her cheek, so different was it to the careless frankness of his general greeting.

"Margaret, what is the matter in-doors?"

The question could only allude to one thing—so thought Margaret—and she hastened to answer it accordingly.

"Then you also have heard it, sir? Ah, it must be true, then, I fear! Father was told in the town that the Rayling bank had broken, but we hoped it was a mistake."

The young Squire replied, kindly, "Indeed! and you will be losers by it? I am sorry—very sorry! But this is not what I

meant." And he looked eagerly beyond Margaret, at the porch, and into the cottage, and gazed at the windows with a disappointed mien.

She waited for him to explain himself, which he did with heightening colour, and as if her silence and inquiring glances annoyed him.

"Rose—it is Rose I want! Is she angry? Where is she? Why has she behaved so oddly?"

Margaret drew back a step, and stared at his eager, handsome face, on which a frown was lowering.

"I suppose she has told you," he went on, rapidly, "that I was to have met her at the park-gate, and I was detained. But she should have remembered that her absence has alarmed and displeased us all. My mother is angered, as well as surprised, at such an unusual circumstance, and she knew that this ought to have been avoided."

At last, the half-stupefied girl took in his meaning.

Rose was not at Avenham Park.

She had not been seen there since, on the preceding evening, she had asked leave to go home for an hour or two. This had been readily granted; and in her light dress and scarf, with a jesting word and a sunny smile for every one who met her, she had flitted away to go to the cottage at the hill-foot.

"Don't say that Rose is not at Avenham!" cried her terrified sister. "Oh, sir, she must be! I went with her as far as the park-gate. Some one must have told you this for a joke—a cruel, cruel joke!"

Fred Tremayne, ghastly as herself, stood for a moment incapable of speech; but the thing looked so unlikely that even Margaret's looks failed to convince him.

"Nonsense, this is a foolish attempt to frighten me! It is just the sort of trick Rose delights in. Call her, Margaret; I must and will see her directly! She is here, I know."

But those white lips only repeated, "She is not here—she is not here! Oh, Rose, Rose!"

The young man grew angry in his incredulity.

"But you know where she is hiding from me. Take care! she is trying her power over me more than she ought!"

He tied his horse to a post, and turned round with an air of determination on his boyish face.

"Tell me where she is. I insist upon your doing so; and I have a right to be obeyed—for Rose Leigh is my wedded wife!"

As Margaret heard the young Squire utter these words, "Rose Leigh is my wife!" she recoiled from him in mute amazement.

He met her wondering looks with eyes half-lowered, half-defiant. Perhaps it was not till this moment that he began to realize the consequences of the act he had committed, in secretly marrying his mother's dependant.

Perhaps it was not until now that a pang of remorse smote him, as he thought of that most indulgent of parents; or that fancy sharply pictured her dismay, when she learned that her son had rashly wedded one who, with all her natural grace and loveliness, was about the last person on earth whom Mrs. Tremayne—ambitious in this instance, and this only—would have chosen as the bride of her heir.

But ere another word could be spoken, Mrs. Leigh came down the garden; and the young man, seeing from Margaret's manner that Rose had obeyed his injunctions, and kept their secret, turned to the wondering matron with a manner in which embarrassment and respect strangely mingled.

"I am an early visitor," he said, "but my mother is uneasy about Rose. Is she here, Mrs. Leigh?"

"Here, sir?"—and the mother's fears began to arise. "No, no; she left us within an hour of her coming, last evening. Margaret, child, what does this mean? Where did you part from her?"

"At the park-gate," said Margaret's tremulous tones.

"And alone? She was alone?" queried Frank Tremayne, beginning to be really terrified at his young wife, whom he had promised to meet at the spot indicated, on his return from a dinner-party at a neighbouring gentleman's.

And now Margaret blushed, and stammered.

"Speak, child!" cried her mother, angrily; "with whom did you leave her?"

"She was alone," was the confused reply. "She stood by the gate when I looked back, as if she watched or waited for some one; but—Mr. Brereton was approaching her when I turned away."

Fred Tremayne took a stride towards the cottage, and his brow contracted.

"Mr. Brereton, the artist, who lodges here! I must see him. Where is he?"

"Stay, sir!" cried Mrs. Leigh; "he has left us within this hour."

The young Squire started, and keenly watched the agitated Margaret, while her mother hastily related the contents of the note she had found on the table.

Then he addressed the girl, harshly and sternly. "You are concealing something! You know more than you choose to tell me. Speak! has he, by some vile artifice, induced Rose to be his companion?"

"Impossible! Our Rose leave us for a stranger!" cried the mother, indignantly. "I wonder at you, sir, to hint at such a thing!"

But Fred Tremayne put her aside, and still looked to Margaret for a reply.

She wrung her hands, and then pressed them to her throbbing temples.

"I don't know," she faltered, "I don't know. Can it be? Oh, mother, mother!" and Margaret felt as if her heart must burst with agony.

The young Squire sprang upon his horse. "If it is so," he muttered, "the scoundrel shall not escape me!" And so fierce was the look that distorted his face, that Mrs. Leigh laid her hand upon his rein, with a deprecating gesture.

"Stay, and think a moment! Rose has a father, who—"

But the sharp lash of his whip sent the impatient animal out of hearing ere her speech was finished; and she turned to Margaret, her countenance darkening with perplexity.

"Go in, child, and watch by your father, while I run to the park, and learn something more than that wild boy has told us. But say nothing to him of what has happened. Oh, Margaret!"—and now her voice was shaken, and full of despair,—"oh, Margaret, he loves her so dearly—the poor, broken-spirited old man! If anything has gone amiss with Rose, it will kill him!"

Mechanically her daughter obeyed her, so far as to return into the cottage; but it was some time before she could summon fortitude to enter her father's chamber.

Fortunately he was sleeping, and she was spared the unpleasant necessity of inventing an excuse for her mother's unusual absence.







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A MYSTERY.  
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**THE ONE PENNY BLUE DOOR.**  
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